

Bright
HORIZONS

MAY
1954



Nothing but Soulcraft

Bright

HORROR

"My only companion was
luckily a man, not a
police dog."

wrote WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY
in beginning the article that was
to make magazine and metaphys-
ical history in America under the
title of—

*"My Seven Minutes
in Eternity"*

Perhaps you recall how this
article caused when it appeared in
March American Magazine, May
1929. Its author had been in
of a May night in 1928, when he
gave up his body and consciousness
during his body and mind, and a
plane where he witnessed scenes
of "dead" phenomena.
Returning to his body, he had
touch with sages on the night Oc-
taves by a dramatically aroused Ex-
tra Sensory Perception.

The entire great literature of the
Soulcraft Philosophy, a million
or more years, came from the
transcendent spiritual experience.

Y
near
an
er
edition intended to popularize the
wish to start the study of Soulcraft's stu-
pendous revelations.

story that has
the faith of a
ousand
Survival \$1

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS: Noblesville, Indiana

Nothing but Soulcraft

YAM
1924

Sod and Seed

SOULCRAFT offers a wholly new and constructive concept of the spiritual principle operating in and behind human life . . .

It contends and expounds that the majestic Christ Life introduced to earth so long ago was purely a Pattern Life for the lowliest or most benighted Soul to emulate in its ascension up the worlds, that such Soul's Salvation is not optional with God but assuredly the result of the Soul's educating experiences as it follows the Great Upward Spiral of Re-Ensoulement, and that there is no other explanation for the slings and arrows to which human flesh is heir . . . The worldly situation is the Sod and the individual Soul is the Seed, from which arises the mighty oak of the personal character, fit to merit Heaven by possession of all the attributes that make Heaven not a place so much as an Association.

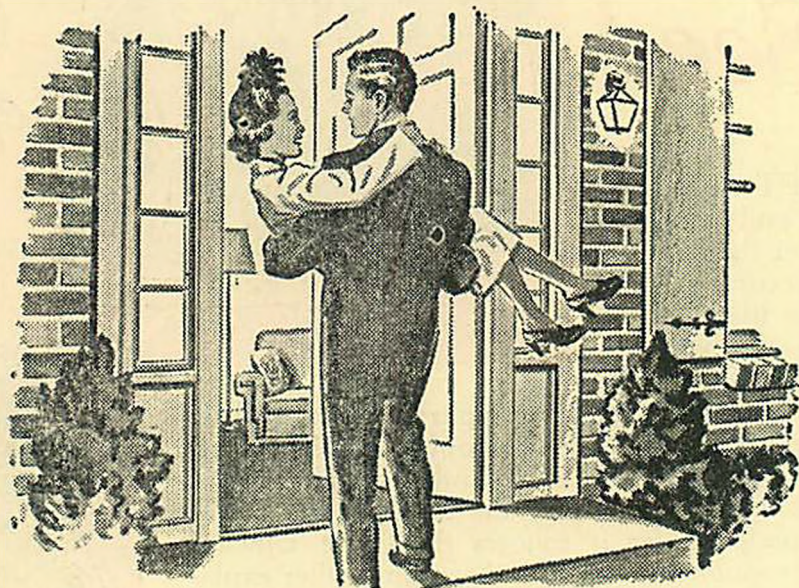


Wherever We Live in Compatability With Our Own Is Heaven!

IN THIS seasonable sequence of fresh summer, it is well to take note of the great symbolism of Nature equally displayed in the great concourse of all lives ever climbing Upward toward "that far-off, divine event toward which all Creation moves" . . . Thus you will find in the pages that follow the compassionate inspiration of this Celestial Idea, transcending Orthodox dogma, and seeking to impress on the inhibited consciousness the ever-expanding revelation of what Earth-Life is all about. You will come into possession of an entirely new notion of mortal existence as you imbibe the Soulcraft tenets and profit from them as thousands have done to their inexorable ennoblement. Seed and Sod, indeed!

What Are You Planting Against Final Harvest?

Why Men Take Wives



"ADAM AWAKES"

TOO MANY men are unaware that the reason they would fall in love and acquire a feminine consort, is because subconsciously they wish to complete themselves. A man trying to live earthly life without his proper woman, or a woman without her proper man, is suffering from a deficiency that is felt spiritually as much as physically. The latest Soulcraft book, "ADAM AWAKES", was written to give "the Higher Facts of Life" to adults who don't understand the real principle behind Sex Polarity. It offers you 317 pages of the most practical mystic lore on the romantic relationships and why they become what they do. No person of either gender should contemplate Matrimony without first possessing the enlightenment in this de luxe volume . . .

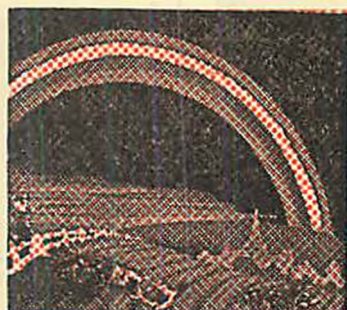
\$5

Soulcraft Chapels

Noblesville, Ind.

BRIGHT HORIZONS

*A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration
from Sources Behind or Above the Mortal*



BRIGHT HORIZONS calls public attention to new mystical concepts based on Psychical Discoveries of Higher Life Phenomena beginning to gleam with increasing splendor in the prospects of man's spiritual vision as the Aquarian Age comes in. It acclaim the recovery of the original Christian Message, with the Ecclesiastic Influence expurgated and discarded . . .

VOLUME TWO

MAY, 1954

NUMBER FOUR

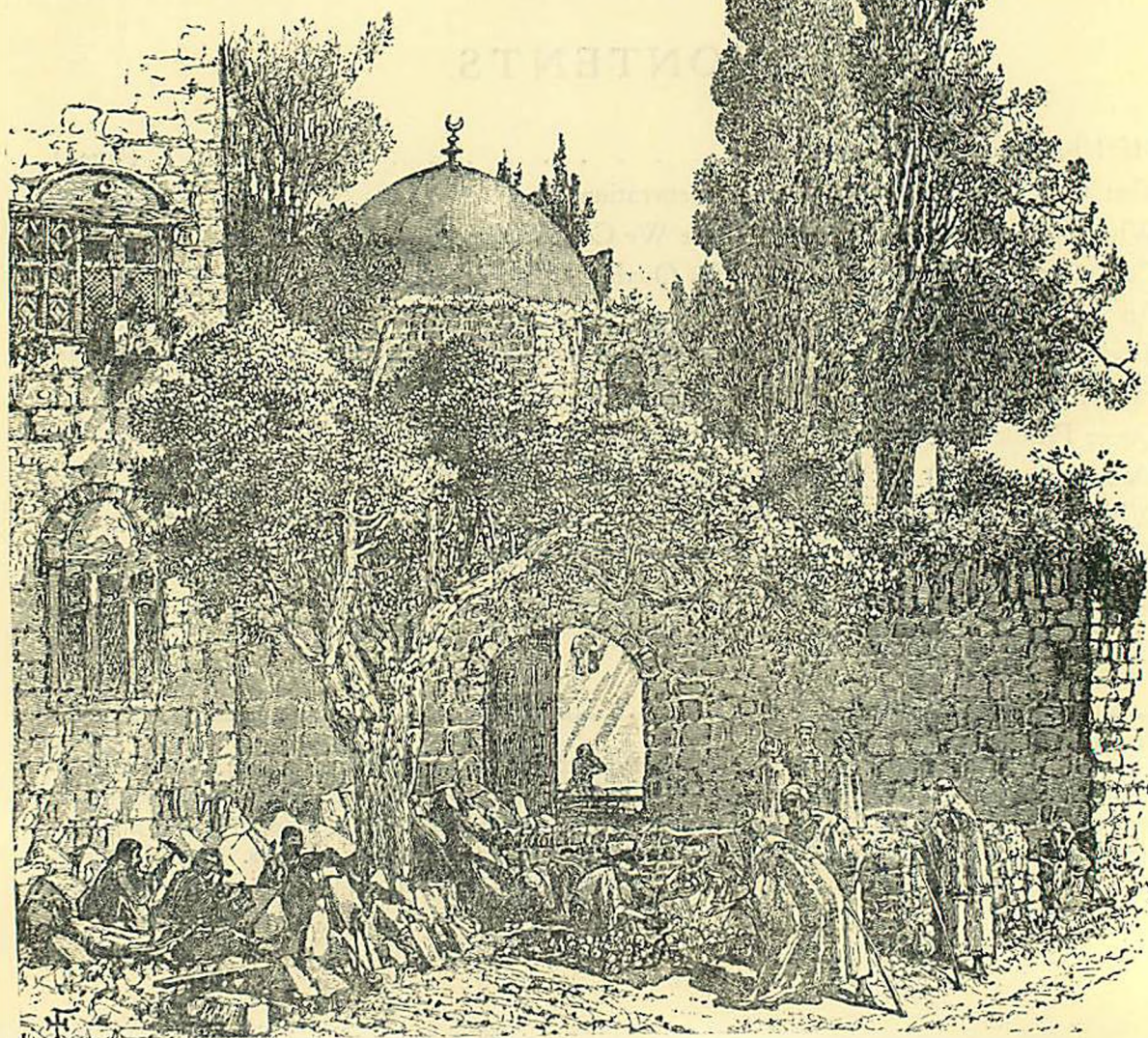
CONTENTS

"If I but Gave the Word"	Page 1
You Can Be Wise Beyond Your Generation	5
Why We Feel Jealousy Toward Those We Consider Rivals	9
Can a Person Deliberately Raise His Quality of Consciousness?	13
An End to Commandment	17
Thrice-Married Wives and Husbands May Not Find the Same Planes	18
How Far Are We Responsible for Human Behavior?	24
Queer Problems of Family Relationships	28
Doorstone (Poem) by Winchester MacDowell	33
What Process Occurs When You Pray?	34
Suppose You Could Converse with the Dead Like This	37
Take Hell Out of Religion and What Remains?	41
Do You Know How to Protect Yourself with a Thought-Armor?	45

BRIGHT HORIZONS, issued 10th of each month by Soulcraft Chapels, P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana. W. D. Pelley, Editor; A. M. Henderson, Business Manager. Subscription: \$5 per year of twelve numbers; \$3 for Six Months; 50¢ single copies. Not connected with any Denomination, Creed, Cult, or Political Ism. Copyright 1953 by Soulcraft Chapels. Quotations permitted when credit is given. Address all communications to Soulcraft Chapels, Noblesville, Ind.

THE MOSQUE AT NAZARETH

*Believed to Have Been Built on
the Site of the Boyhood Home
of Jesus . .*



Bright HORIZONS

A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration
from Sources Behind or Above the Mortal

VOLUME TWO

MAY, 1954

NUMBER FOUR

"If I but Gave the Word.."

The Most Vital Master Message

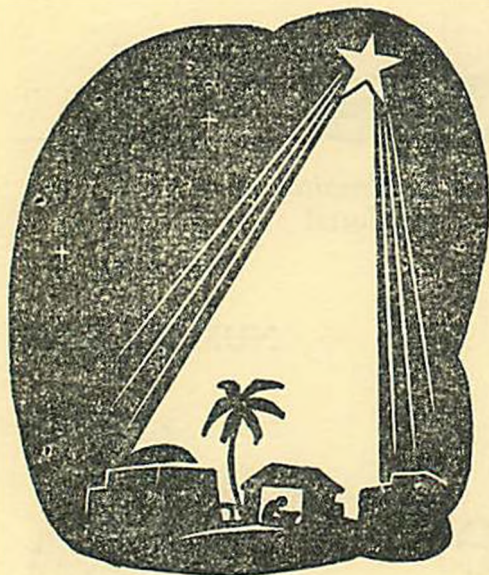


WE GATHER as agreed.
The day is well spent.
The night seeth us with
labors performed. Now
My dear ones, let Me
make lengthy speech
with you . . . Know that
I so loved the world
that I gave it My life.
My life was the price
paid for man's possession.
Man was doomed
to extinction long ages

ago. His thoughts were evil. He loved the darkness. His animal ancestry had blotted his divinity. The Plan had not been successful for him as a creation of order and method.

He had despoiled his own house. The evil he did was abomination. Antics he made of the Father's beneficence. He made riot in holy places. His whole creation was a misanthropy.

"Know that I did pity him for his dumbness and impatience. Know that I did give up residence on higher and farther planes to be close to physical earth and try to bring order from chaos. Know that I did so love suffering mankind that I did make a compact. I did offer the Father My Life in exchange for the lives of the world. My life was not desired of the Father but so touched was He by My sacrifice of higher and greater and vaster joys of eterni-



ties that He gave Me the earthplane on a condition.

"I was to come into the world a humble unknown. I was to live as one of those whose holiness of ordeal was all abomination. I was to know pain and suffering and physical death. Yet was I to know resurrection for a purpose. *The world might thereby take to heart the example of My life and have before it an ideal of Permanent Divinity!* There would have been a heavenly holocaust. Stars would have fused. Mankind would have perished—mercifully but permanently—as created order. No world would have been as men now perceive it.

"CAME I into the world, My beloved, to save it from physical and literal extinction.

"Men were not to know that I had thus bought them for the price of an ideal. They were to think Me human. They were to be shown what human creation could accomplish. I gave them example till My thirtieth year. Then came the Father's angels unto Me. We did sit upon a mountain and consider humankind. Came I down from that mountain with

the determination strong to save mankind even at cost of physical death, hoping thereby to show his species that death of the body can be conquered by Faith.

"Apprise ye the sad result. Came I into a world, it received Me not. Opened I the eyes of the blind and they saw not. Gave I Water of Life to the perishing and sport they made of My generosity. The beast lingered within them: they stayed Unclean.

"Yet did I persevere for knew I that there was a spark of Great Divinity in the hearts of bestial men and I saved it. Knew I that sooner or later men might come to see that the order of creation could be brought back to the Father whom I served as Son. Industrious I waxed in My ministrations. Gave I freely of time and effort and persevering compassion. Though they did stone Me and revile Me and make mock of Me, yet did I triumph over Death and come back as witness of the Lost Idealism.

"THE WORLD was slow to acknowledge Me, but acknowledge Me it did. In that acknowledgment were the hands of My devoted disciples who, with Me, returned to earth again and again, times without number, seeking to turn men's hearts and faces in the upward Way. Did they work and preach and expound and reveal. Yea, did they die, even as I died, that men might know the love I brought them from Far, Far planes.

"Honored I them for their service. The world maketh progress toward the Father through them but still it be retarded by sons of darkness. They be workers of iniquity. The Beast hath left its mark within them. Generation unto generation it showeth its fangs. They who have been of good report have suffered cruelly because of those who loved the darkness. They who grew to love Me and keep the commandments of loving order were reviled and slain by workers of iniquity.

"Sorely, sorely, hath My patience been tried.

Sorely have I doubted if My work and sacrifice were of merit, and worthy indeed of the time and the pain. Sorely have I been tempted to let the holocaust appear and go to My Father in the apex of Spirit-Creation and there abide. Yet ever have I been touched by the sight of the cowering, those who would walk uprightly had they nothing to fear. Ever have I seen the humble life up their hands for Enlightenment. These have made Me rejoice. These have caused Me to be of faith that down far generations the world might be cleansed of the Mark of the Beast.

"So it hath ever been. So it will be. So be the errand and the mercy thereof. Man hath shown light toward redemption. He hath shown less and less of the Beast in his heart. Progress hath he made which augureth well.

"Still have we seen the Beast stalking, however. Conflict on conflict cometh in circumstance. Yet have I given account of the work on this planet. And the Word hath been spoken: 'Well accomplished, My Beloved; continue Thou in grace!'

"The world little suspecteth how slender be the thread on which hangeth its perpetuation. *If I but gave the word, lo the heavens would shower fire, the continents would tremble, the seas would rise up, the night of inky blackness would fall upon the cinder of a once-world that would fuse with other nomad planets and form a flashing nebulae far into empty heavens!*

"**B**UT I give not such word. I keep within the hollow of My hand the existence of this planet. I tend and watch it. Daily I see the lives of nations. I watch pranking statesmen make mock of My work over many generations and I rebuke them not, knowing that if there be a spark of the Holy Spirit within them yet will it someday redeem them. I watch the humble rise to affluence and give accounting of their talents and I am encouraged. So be it! . . .

"Know, My beloved, we be of one substance. We be of one flesh to save the humble seekers

¶ "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I have founded empires; but upon what do these creations of our genius depend? Upon force! Jesus founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him!"

---Napoleon

after truth from the Mark of the Beast. We come to save the humble and the worthy and take them up to the Father. Our work goeth on in progressive stages.

"One by one we eliminate great social cancers. One by one we despoil the idols of Mammon and tear apart the altars of Social Connivance for Nefarious Ends. One by one we eliminate the princes of evil from their petty thrones, setting up potentates under us of The Goodly Company.

"Mark you, I am coming back to the earth-plane in person!

"I HAVE said it before, I say it again. Sufficient do I consider the numbers of the progressing ones to encourage them by demon-

stration of miraculous power and personal appearance. They will hear of My living presence and leap joyously.

"I come in a time of great world tumult when the powers of the earth array themselves for murder in rows. I come to visit My Righteous wrath on those who take My Goodly Company for their murdering. Come I to blast them with My scorn and wither them with My appalling indignation.

"Let us consider the result—

"Great nations are led by great statesmen. They do the behest of the Widely Advertised, not the behest of the truly great in heart. They follow demagogues who rant of war when war threateneth, and rant of peace when there be peace. They be worldly sheep led by blind shepherds who consort with wolves.

"They be led by demagogues, I say, who have only selfish ends to serve. They be not of in-

ternational mind. Care they naught for real human brotherhood. Seek they always after self-exploitation. No spirit have they to perceive the real causes behind world tumult. Live they only for awards of clamor and the plaudits of reward. Seek they to do the Opportune, not the permanently just thing, in councils of state.

"I tell you, My beloved, *Fear not any statesman who seeketh his own award of merit.* He be as a hollow reed into which the wind bloweth.

"Our task, it is, to winnow the Mongers of Hate from the shepherds of eternal peace and light. Our task it is, to know with intimacy those who walk in light and await the Great Speaking. Our task it is to show to them by speech that Great Ones walk among them as of old, making them to understand that a Miracle cometh . . ."

PEACE



"They Have Been Positive"



HO ARE these leaders who plow trackless seas, locate far continents, build cities with minarets, organize States, or set armies of workers at Life's looms?

I will tell you who they are. They are persons like ourselves, who feel the same hungers, fear the same terrors, hope the same witcheries, know the same ecstasies at

Love's kisses on their lips.

Once long ago they came down our hillsides in summer morns of birth. They saw the same argosies sail-clouds of youth's Augusts. Maturity beckoned. Sweet qualms of courage lured them. They lifted their latches into closets of suffering. Blood-red sunsets or moons above blue waters recalled phantoms of Yesterdays when their souls wore other bodies.

Yet this is the alchemy that ever transmutes them from cores of commonplaces to silvers of ennoblements: They have kept their trysts with Change as a lover woos his mistress. They have leaped the high arc across debacles of bitterness. They have looked upon Circumstance and known that they must conquer it, but the conquering has been Action. They have dared to be positive!



YOU Can Be Wise Beyond Your Generation

¶ *MAMMOTH Changes
Are on the Make in Present
Day Society, Known only to
a Select Group of Cosmically
Awakened People . .*



MOST PEOPLE are only half alive, physically, mentally, and spiritually. They accept blindly that this "half life" of theirs—that supplies them with an animalistic existence, causes them to think as the crowd thinks, and considers spirituality in terms of religion—is all the life there is, and that the millions of other folk throughout the earth are experiencing and enjoying no better than themselves.

If the claim is made that there are whole groups within society living for something

more than three meals a day, operating their lives and thoughts on a far higher level than Mass Intelligence, and penetrating beyond the explanations of religion to arrive at the reasons why they are on earth, the average man or woman scoffs or criticizes, thinks some manner of devilry is loose, or labels the claimant as a crank or fanatic.

Thereby are they average.

The fact remains that humanity is sharply divided into two distinct classes: Those who know there is far more to existence than what appears to the senses, and those who do *not* know it and thus proceed onward to all manner of hurt.

¶ *"Without a belief in Providence I think I'd go crazy," said Woodrow Wilson. "Without God the world would be an utter maze without a clue . . ."*

HUMANITY just now is going through the process of a great revaluation.

Old systems are breaking down that men thought impregnable, new laws and edicts are the order of the moment, new revelations are apparently coming daily, new habits and customs are being ushered into average daily life—for a deliberate definite purpose.

People must realize that in the scale of spiritual evolution there are grades and levels that can be attained to, consciously. And when a gesture is made to awaken the spirit to some of the subliminal truths that are available for understanding, they automatically lift themselves into a classification of those who might be called the "upper crust" of humanity. Not the social Upper Crust, in the sense of those who have wealth or family prestige, but the Upper Crust of superior knowledge and intellect—*character* would be the better term—that enables them to go through the various experiences of life with a sanity and poise that makes for every form of success and friendship.

It is to make people of all classes give thought to these matters, to think in terms of the other fellow's problems, to do some con-

structive planning for their roles in a higher and smoother social order, that these present times of economic darkness have come upon the nations.

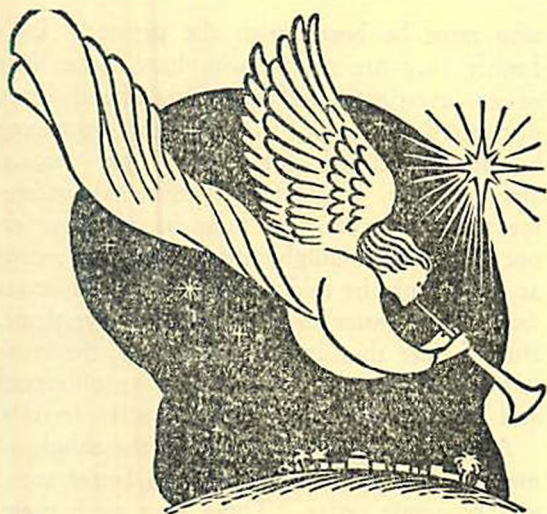
THERE are those who understand this, and are profiting from it. The vast rank and file of humanity is still blundering along in the dark, however, the butt of every malign social force that confronts it, damning the fates, caustic toward whatever gods there may be, and generally deporting itself as a horde of ignorant simpletons who not only disbelieve any information offered for their aid but ignore or crucify those who would serve them with a rich dish of knowledge.

Only by bitter experience can men in the mass be brought to give thought to the great and vital truths about their unfortunate condition and seek forms of remedy. But those great and vital truths have to be expounded to them in ways and mental pictures which they can understand.

Thus it is that teachers are not only necessary but have been ordained and dispatched into the current cycle of earthly affairs, to act as mentors through these times of trouble to explain to humankind the processes at work and where they will end.

THE FIRST great realization that must be pounded into mortal skulls by those teachers, is that this physical, materialistic life is not the only life there is. This physical, materialistic life is only one phase of existence that gives people a certain form of *experiencing*. In order to know the Infinite, the individual person must first know the Finite. The Finite exists therefore, for no other purpose than to supply a measuring stick by which humankind may realize and appreciate those worlds and lives vaster and higher than the Finite.

The second realization at which people in general must arrive, is that the world of human society is not directed and run from with-



in itself, but from a higher form of life. That is, the real government of society is in the physical sense *an invisible government*. Great souls who have been human students and benefactors through vast cycles of earthly-life experiences and attained to vast wisdom—The Immortals, we might call them—are steering, coaching, and shepherding humanity from their superior vantage points of observation. Not only that, but as they are Beings of supernal law and order, they naturally have a definite plan worked out, which all of them are following, *and the details of that plan for the better construction of society in the days and years ahead, are known to their representatives on this side—exactly what is to happen, and how, and when.*

IT IS only reasonable to expect that secular-minded people, with their thinking crystallized by age-long habits of the purblind herd, the victims of great political and theological systems, should scoff at such statements when first they are made. After all, one man's saying so, or one group's saying so, doesn't make the contention a fact.

But this thing is true: *Wherever the serious-minded person will deliberately take the time and trouble to read and investigate, he will en-*

counter corroborative evidence in human thought and affairs that will stagger and stun him as to the truth of such statements.

Psychical phenomena before which Science stands helpless, manifestations of some great Super-Mind working in the trends of national and international events, the prayers of earnest people answered in weird ways, the general tone and voice of society in general, asking for greater light on the problems of the hour and having information put in the hands of people able to use it—these all build up into a superstructure of proof in logic that is well-nigh irrefutable.

IT IS to seek light upon, and investigate the cold-brained truth of these contentions that this magazine is published. Those encountering the message in its pages for the first time are asked to read what follows with this premise in mind.

The higher laws of the universe that are knowable, the great processes and motives behind the vicissitudes of human society that are discoverable and utilizable, the mass movements of people in national and international groups making for the strange alliances of world politics—these are subjects not for scoffing but for serious investigation.

Humanity is entering an era when old systems and habits of thought and behavior are completely breaking down. Higher laws and fiats must assuredly be at work. It behooves the people of the earth who believe in divine Providence to make provision for a continuity of that belief in the acceptance that the Age of Miracles did not pass in Galilee with the Resurrection of the Savior. The same strange forces are at work anew and as we approach a study of them with a wholesome simplicity, not as gullible serfs but as inquiring children, so shall we see—or have revealed to us—the true outlines of the mammoth scheme and become enlightened beyond our generation.

THERE are men and women in life who know that these contentions are true. They are proving it for themselves. They are not cranks, fanatics, devil-worshippers, necromancers, or old-fashioned alarmists. They are calm, poised, intelligent men and women who are soberly studying into the significances of the times and perceiving the wonders that are afoot and their ultimate effect on the world as a state.

NO ONE man or set of men could ever strategize to bring about the tremendous flood of corroborative evidence that is everywhere coming to light, bearing on a literal and almost scientific proof that Vast Deliberative Agencies have their hands on the throttle of worldly events.

Materialistically-minded persons, those who flatter themselves that they are so "practical" and must be "shown" at every step of the road to enlightenment, are merely ignorant people

who must be borne with the present. Uniformly they are people who have done little or no investigating of what has already been discovered, or what is at present happening behind the closed doors of Upper Rooms, among those of advanced psychical endowments. Moreover, vast numbers of them do not want to be enlightened. They are scared at what might be told them, or what they must face. It is easier to scoff than to investigate. But whether they investigate or not, the truth remains that as they persist in being unlearned and stupid, they must suffer—*suffer terribly*.

A great movement is afoot for the enlightenment of humanity, ushering in a better social and economic order. Those who wean themselves from superstition and fearlessly face the facts, are now having their entire lives regvanized. They are being recreated to meet recreated conditions. They will therefore be in position to become the true leaders of tomorrow.



ALL GREAT explorations that have ever been made into rationalities have been branded as heresies by those who have not wished the status quo disturbed. But Man's knowledge cannot remain constant else it would be omnipotent. Man's real fault lies in accepting assertion for demonstration and the age of a tenet as equivalent to truth . .



WHY We Feel Jealousy toward Those We Consider Rivals



LOVE in its commonly accepted sense is something that must ever be attracted, not commanded or enslaved. When we thus attract it, we are happy and proud. We enjoy the personal profits resulting from its having come to us. But in the lives of most people there is sure to come a sequence when the thing known as jealousy commences to creep in.

¶ Inability to Love Sufficiently to Hold the Beloved Is Usually the Cause Behind It . .

We love a given man or woman and have every reason for believing that our emotion is returned. But a third party makes his or her appearance. The attention of either the man

or woman in the original relationship is disturbed from the other, and diverted to this new arrival. An insufferable condition of affairs is produced—for the one who realizes he is being neglected for this stranger.

This insufferable condition may extend all the way from mere hurt feelings to murderous frenzy to blot the third party from mortal existence because he or she has thus intruded.

Commonly we put it that the neglected or superseded one is "jealous" of this intruding third party. What truly is taking place, from the abstract, philosophical, cosmic standpoint?

The dictionary defines Jealousy as that state of apprehension that exists when we are in fear of being displaced by a rival. But why should any such displacement arouse animosity within us?

Why should we not say, when a third person seems to intrude into the private or even intimate relationships we have enjoyed with another party: "Most interesting that such a thing could happen! But the fact that it is happening—or has happened—lets me out. Now what do I do next?"

¶ Jealousy is an awkward homage that inferiority pays to merit

THE ITEM known as Jealousy has its roots in the desire to be immediately and practically compensated for the ordeals of mortality, without waiting for the completion of life and a review of its accomplishments to pronounce on its success or failure.

Remember that failure or success is never what the world calls such. In ordinary daily life the Success is the man who has made a

lot of money—another name for power—or the woman who has consummated a brilliant marriage. The Failure is generally regarded as the person who has become economically improvident or disappointed adoring relatives.

In the larger cosmic sense, the Success is the person who has faithfully undergone the educating ordeals that were prescribed as the essence of his mortal sojourn. The Failure is the one who has cheated himself by not accepting the situations of life that were intended to develop him spiritually.

THERE are people who want to know—or be told, at least—almost from day to day and from hour to hour that they are living up to the exactions of the career which they set for themselves before entering mortality as infants. They are, in other words, uncertain of the results they are obtaining, and the least thing that seems to indicate that they are not making the wanted progress causes a sort of subconscious despair in the deeper and subtler processes of their minds. These people possess what the psychologist labels an Inferiority Complex!

Inferiority Complexes always have their bases in fundamental spiritual worries that those possessing them are not doing as well by themselves in the tacit living of mortality as they had proposed for themselves, or thought themselves capable of doing, before undertaking it. They say in essence, day unto day and hour unto hour: "Am I making good, so that I will feel satisfied with this, my most recent incarnation, when I get out of it and take stock of it for its permanent increments? I just feel in my bones that I'm not! So I envy those about me who give every indication of making good, for they won't have to go to the expenditure of time and energy to live such things over again, whereas it begins to look as though I must."

This thought of living the same sort of life over again is instinctively abhorrent to every normal mortal.

LOVE comes to such people in the midst of such self-doubt, and they are gratified and happy for the moment. They are gratified and happy because they reason to themselves that no one would come along and love them—think them about the last word in romantic excellence—unless they were the materialization of the anticipated spiritual progress.

Suddenly the aforesaid third parties show up in such life-situations. Those who affect to love, turn and give a look, see something that attracts or entices them, and depart to investigate. The first persons are furious. Each one says—

"I cannot be making the spiritual progress that I had credited to myself, or my beloved would not so easily depart me!" At once there are the hurt feelings at the spiritual deprecation seemingly involved, or the murderous frenzy to annihilate the one who has disturbed the sweet illusion that hitherto maintained.

Actually such a jealous person is not angry at either the partner or the intruder. He is suffering from a paralyzing attack of self-chagrin and self-incrimination for having hoaxed himself about his own spiritual accomplishments.

The great mentors put the matter in this way: Jealousy is the apprehensiveness that a man or woman feels, that he or she is not able to love sufficiently so that such love will demonstrate as a greater lodestone than that represented by any other personality.

ACTUALLY such jealous persons are displaying the worst phases of Inferiority Complexes.

In indulging themselves in jealousies they are behaving as asininely as the amateur gardener who plants a posy-bed and then goes out every hour to pull up its surface to ascertain whether or not his seeds are sprouting.

People inclined to "burn up" with jealousies should address themselves somewhat after this fashion—

"I have come into life and attained to my



present phase of maturity. I have made some splendid or permanent gains spiritually to date, else no one would notice me or I never should have attracted the love of any person at any time whatsoever. Now the basis of Love is anticipation of soul-spirit. I was as greedy for it as my partner in this romance to have deserted me for the intruder whom I so fiercely resent. But for some reason or other, it appears to be a fact that my partner sees more profit to himself by transferring his attentions or interests to his third person. I may envy the third person for possessing attributes of character or body that so attract, but after all it is not my business to say what shall attract another soul and what shall not! I have my own commissions in life to serve; so too does this spirit that for a time found it worth while to pal around me. If it were myself who had been suddenly, desirably, or fiercely attracted by a fourth person, would I not have found means of rationalizing my interest or excusing my diverted attention in such fourth person's direction? The fact that I have not

found such fourth person to the moment should not allow me to conduct myself as though I never would be attracted—or could be attracted—by such a fourth person if he or she came along. Therefore I am merely being selfish in demanding—because no fourth person has shown such attraction for me to the moment, and such a third person has to my recent partner, that my partner forego such attraction and pay strict attention to all the constrictions of our erstwhile partnership. In being 'fiercely jealous' I am insisting on a sort of enslavement insofar as my erstwhile partner is concerned. I am telling him in effect: Having once noticed me, you are thereby penalized and enslaved into noticing me forever and noticing nobody else at any time. I demand to fill your whole life and engage all your time and affairs, and if you do not see things in that light I shall make one devil of a scene!"

It is a cosmically recognized fundamental that no strong soul is ever guilty of the slightest jealousy. Jealousy of itself—the apprehension of being incapable of loving sufficiently to hold the beloved—is ever the mark of the undeveloped spirit.

LIFE teaches the Great Lesson, gently but firmly: "You must learn not to lean upon anybody! And moreover, you must do it without feeling particularly lonely, or without being rancorous or pessimistic. You must not lean upon anybody, from the sheer fact that you are Strong! You are strong because Being Strong is your natural and normal con-

dition—a condition that rarely occurs to you as anything out of the ordinary."

IF YOU were the sort of soul that was incapable of jealousy under any condition, and no matter who was involved, you would probably be evaluated as such a desirable companion that no partner could ever be attracted away from you under any circumstances. Therefore your capacity for jealousy demonstrates the existence of the deficiencies that have given cause for its exercise. You prove why your partner left you. Great, resplendent, self-sufficient souls merely smile tolerantly when a rival shows in sight. Their attitude is—

"If this third person has qualities of attraction which I do not possess, then it is incumbent on my erstwhile partner to avail himself or herself of the association that this attractive third person promises. It is, after all, none of my business what my partner thinks of a third person. My strict concern is to be so magnanimous, so catholic in my views of life and its relationships, so magnetic in my own exercise of spiritual attributes that all friends, relatives, and partners are held in my orbit as a matter of sheerest self-profit on their own accounts. If I have not yet attained to that degree of unfoldment, then I had better see to myself and find out what is lacking in me—and remedy it!"

Love, as aforesaid, is not something to be either demanded or enslaved. It is something to be attracted and held by a strong personal magnetism based on spiritual ennoblements that are real, not merely postulated mentally.





LESS seems to be understood about Raising the Level of the Consciousness than perhaps any other enigma in practical mysticism.

The whole subject is not understandable to the average person because he contends that a human being is either conscious or not conscious, hence Conscious-

ness as a state is noncomparable. Of course he is considering Self-Awareness, not Quality of Intellect. Self-Aware people are in that state commonly known as Wakefulness or Aliveness; people not self-aware are either asleep, in trance-coma, or have taken leave of

CAN a Person Deliberately Raise His Quality of Consciousness?

¶ *A Problem Offered
by Students Really
Wishing to Go Back
on the Time-Track..*

their bodies as a permanent thing. Quality of Intellect is quite something else. It may be said to include different degrees of what Intellect encompasses.

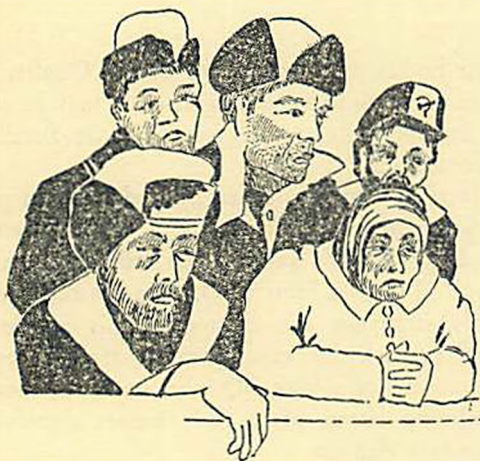
Intellect Quality, taken by and large in psychology and psychiatry today, is denoted by the symbol I-Q. We say a given individual has a "high" I-Q or a "low" I-Q. We are not necessarily implying the degree of his academic erudition in either case, since we often encounter persons of a high I-Q who are by no means exhibiting letters after their names signifying collegiate degrees.

Uniformly the person of high I-Q possesses an outstanding facility for grasping and absorbing the perceptions of the senses. Popularly expressed, we say that "It doesn't take him much time to get an idea through his head." His capacity for perception operates at a maximum. He recalls instantaneously what he has once perceived, he reasons swiftly and adroitly, and his reactions to life's situations are accurate and positive.

The endocrinologist explains it that such an individual has extremely sensitive and facile-operating glands, particularly the pineal, pituitary and thyroid, while his neighbor, the "moron", possesses a sluggish or faulty endocrine system. The metaphysician smiles at such explanation, demanding to be told how a highly intelligent person can be evolved by merely doctoring up his internal secretions? Conversely, the metaphysician says, no highly developed individual mentally or intellectual becomes a moron overnight by having glands misbehave. He may be shortsuited in physical well-being, true enough, but mentally, or in the matter of character, the intelligent man is naturally and forever the intelligent man.

Something far deeper must be at work than mere endocrine behavior.

Soulcraft contends the enigma has its solution in the process of serried re-ensoulment . . .



THE Soul-Spirit is something as eternal as the God who is said to have been responsible for it. It had no beginning as Consciousness though it *may* have had a start as Consciousness demarked into the capsule or "particle" demonstration. Consciousness, in other words, is a divine element in the universe that may take a myriad of forms, one of them being Man.

Man is distinctive in his own development of Consciousness however, in that he grows in intelligence by repercussing from various experiences with material Form, or the activity of atoms in an infinite variety of patterns and aspects. But when we say that he "grows in intelligence," what do we mean? How can Intelligence itself, *expand*, for that is what is generally implied when we use the term Growth?

Truth to tell, we have the whole secret of the Cosmos in the answer—which incidentally is the main theme of the closing Soulcraft book, *Beyond Grandeur*.

Divine Providence, Divine Intelligence, Divine Mind if you choose to so label it, has arranged for the automatic progression of Consciousness up into wider and vaster areas of activity, by having it come in contact with educating circumscriptions and retain the memory of the reactions.

This is the reason why the vast formal universe is necessary.

First, Consciousness splits into myriads of little units, each with the long gamut of experiences with material form ahead of it. To feel such experiences in the personal sense, these capsule particles that the religionist terms Souls—must possess some vehicle in which to reside while the experiences are occurring. Commonly such vehicles are known as Bodies.

In-dwelling, or being ensouled, in such vehicle bodies—usually some item of organism or ensembles of organism—the vehicle takes the educating abrasions and passes the sensation of weal or woe along to the occupying soul-unit. The soul-unit stores these as pleas-

ure-pain memories, attaching proper significance to each. For this reason, undoubtedly, we have the ancient adage that "only that which hurts, educates." It isn't really true, of course, since tens of thousands of pleasurable sensations also educate.

The point is, that the "education" happens. However, education in what? . . .

THE ANSWER to that one is not so abstruse. We say, education in all forms of participations, the memories of which for either weal or woe contain the feature of serving as a memory. The more experiences that Soul has with Form—meaning uniformly material form—the richer and deeper the cache of memories. And the richer and deeper the cache of memories, the correspondingly higher the quality of the Intelligence.

The Soul, in other words, occupying many vehicles to obtain every form of experience that could possibly come out of contact with, or participation in, event, arrives at a pleasure-pain wisdom where it anticipates the pleasure-pain outcome from any mere indication of the form or combination of forms. It carries these on tap, to be put into instant use. The result is the trait or attribute in the character that we designate as Discretion or Discrimination or Acumen.

If a train be observed approaching down a track, and the Soul enoused in an organic vehicle have no memory of what happens upon collision occurring, it will not be at all spry about removing such vehicle out of the course of such train. The newspaper reporter might put it colloquially, "The poor boob didn't exhibit brains enough to step out of the way." This would literally be true. So, in the original instance, if the stupid soul be struck by the train and its organic vehicle mangled, the shock will be so deeply imprinted on Soul-Memory that encountering the same situation in a succeeding life, it will have instantly on tap the knowledge of what the sensations were when the train had previously struck. Carry



this simple illustration into all sorts and conditions of complications and we say the individual is developing a "High I-Q." What we might say more properly would be, "The soul-spirit is compounding his memories of experiences and acquiring first-hand knowledge of what ensues when such-and-such symptoms maintain. It calls up such memories and behaves without the tragedy expressly occurring."

It is a "wise" Soul-Intellect.

It isn't a wise soul-intellect; it is a soul-intellect that has retained memories of many experiences in many vehicles.

We grow in Consciousness-capabilities in direct proportion to the extent of our ensoulments in organism!

COMES the inquirer after wisdom with the question, "How then do I deliberately raise the Quality of my Consciousness?" And the answer, strictly regarded, has it, "You don't." Or rather, if you wish to have a high quality of consciousness, see to it that you have plenty of lives—or ensoulments—in organic vehicles through which you feel the repercussions of experiences.

The Quality of Consciousness is elevated by the multiplicity of your educative ordeals in the sensation-relaying vehicle. Which is saying in another way, "The more trains you have had strike you down on railroad tracks, the higher has your I-Q grown in respect to what your proper location of body should be when speeding trains are in your vicinity." But without the form-substance of your organic ve-

¶ *SOME statesmen go to Congress and some go to jail; it is the same thing after all . .*

hicle on the one hand—with your sensitized soul-spirit inside it temporarily—and the form-substance of the train composed of locomotive and coaches of steel speeding in the direction toward you, there could be no mishap that put Keep-Out-of-the-Way-of-Hurtling-Trains as a concept in your intellect. In other words, there must be an extremely organized world for you to encounter speeding trains *in*, and you must be apart of it, to gain to the proper wisdom concerning your behavior when tracks and trains figure.

All of which is elementary. Only the inquirers about the lifters of the consciousness-quality are not expressly stating what they wish to know. They want to know how they can go backward in their memories of earlier lives and find out what their experiences have been as Sinbad the Sailor or Nellie the Beautiful Sewing-Machine Girl. They are bitten by the bug of o'er-weening curiosity as to whom or what they were in 1492 when Columbus sailed the ocean blue, or whether the thieves who broke into their dining room last night and stole the spoons, suffered a similar depredation by themselves when they relied on theft for a living back in Venice in the times of the doges. They truly are not interested in raising the quality of consciousness; they are interested in lifting the memory-veil and peeping behind to get secrets of their own experiences making them what they are at the moment.

In other words, why do not *all* people have lifted-memories alike, and if one person can recall what prenatal happening caused the

spasm in his neck, why do not all people follow suit?

The answer to that would be, the spasm in the neck—on proper paralysis of the current vehicle so that the eternal memory can function—may turn out to have been caused by lying down beneath the guillotine's blade and having one's noggin fall off in a basket. Only a limited number of French persons back in the times of Louis XVI did that. One man may have been alive then, and had it happen to him. And the next person in the restaurant beside him today might have been selling undershirts to Eskimos in a Siberian caravan at the time the French-Revolution unpleasantness was going on. He envies the man who seems to "remember" what it felt like to lie prostrate under the revolutionary knife. But his own specialty in the memory of demises truly was having a pack of Siberian huskies tear him limb from limb. Thus one person has an instinctive dread of cold steel in his subconscious, while the next one shuns wild animals with predatory fangs.

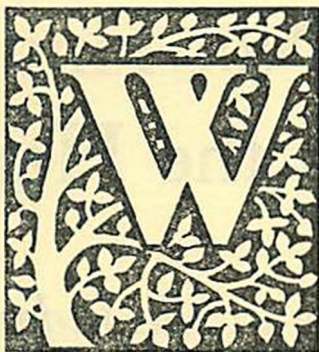
These prenatal "memories"—translated into "complexes"—are the very basis of our characters, in that we have come up through certain lives and had distinctive experiences visit us. What earthly good does it do us to know it consciously? We *are* what we *are* because of what we have experienced. We can't go back and unlive those adventurings.

The real lesson in it is, greeting every new form of experience that opens to us as the prolific source of new fixations in the eternal memory, and embracing as many as we can.

The Quality of Consciousness is raised by fearlessly undergoing every form of experience that Earth-Life has to deliver to us—but regarding it for what it is, and not the buffeting of blind chance.

Some day we shall realize that no such thing as "blind chance" ever existed, and people will be saying of us, "Isn't his I-Q practically godlike! . . ."

An End to Commandment



WHEN our mortal species understands clearly why it is inhabiting this earth-ball in temporary organism, why it comes back into life generation on generation, and what the spiritual evolution of Man is, up the ascending planetary systems, then will the paganism of religious ritual cease being the vicious fixation which it is in mortal minds and men acquire their spiritual increments consciously. Too long has mankind been reared on a dour list of Don'ts. Too long has he made his way up the concourse of his multiple lives blindly and timorously. Now as the Golden Time comes in, he approaches a different lesson in spiritual maturity. Wisdom instead of Fear is to be the touchstone, opening his intellect to the significance of Experiences undergone in flesh. The New Theology that may soon be demonstrated to us by our more advanced planetary neighbors promises to abandon the archaic idea of Redemption, substituting holy Aspiration, and the desire to do right for its own sake. The Great Teacher once said, "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." His life was a Living Testimony to the accuracy of His precepts. He promised us, "These things that I do, ye shall do; yea, even greater things than I do, ye shall do." But the childish generation unto which He came, wanted to identify its Messiahs only to crucify them. It required another two thousand years of social turmoil, culminating in advanced scientific progress, to condition it for the acceptance of Christ as the Christ Way-Shower and not any Sacrificial Lamb. So this is the challenge that confronts us today. The time has come for us to take the Valiant One at His word and manifest in our daily lives and hourly thinking that which a childish generation made Him die to demonstrate. And the only way to manifest that demonstration is to proceed into Constructive Knowledge, sure and calm and free, certain that we are what He designated us: Sons and Daughters of Light in a Great Classroom of earthly Instruction, coming into a true grasp of what our Alma Mater signifies. So Commandment ends and Incentive beckons us. We absorb our Wisdom now intelligently, secure in the premise that we are worthy to receive it!

THRICE-Married Wives and Husbands May Not Find the Same Planes in the Hereafter

*"WHOSE Wife Will She Be at the Judgment?" Is
Not the Quandary that the Orthodox Suppose in
Light of Psychical Knowledge of Afterlife*



A GENTLEMAN from up Michigan way comes to see Soulcraft. Obviously he has something on his mind. He has bought and read *Adam Awakes*. Conversation brings out the fact that "he didn't know whether to believe it or not." At any rate, we had hoped for a more concise exposition of that quandary old as Holy Writ, "If a woman wed two husbands on earth, whose wife shall she be at the judgment?"

It seems that the gentleman has wedded not two times but three. The ladies each one had come from a different strata of life. His first wife had died after four years of marriage. The second he had divorced. The third he was apparently living with, in unusual compatibility and affection, but odd to narrate,

this very satisfactory condition was raising up phantoms as he went down the Hill of Life. Priding himself on religious piety, it was commencing to trouble him that when his immortal soul had gained admittance through the Pearly Gates, the Recording Angel might subject him to no small embarrassment. Was he, or was he not, a cosmic bigamist? When his soul confronted judgment, were three females to be placed upon the stand by the celestial prosecution, each one giving testimony that



during the earthly sojourn, he had taken her to wife and endowed her with all worldly goods—but temporarily? The thing was beginning to canker within the visitor. Could Soulcraft make his predicament less distressing? Soulcraft, of course, was duly sympathetic but marveled privately at what certain specimens of the human race could call up hypothetically to bedevil them.

The trouble with the average person seeking this sort of counsel is his weakness for trying to prove one truth by two errors.

The first error is the fallacious conviction that upon the departure of the volatile spirits from his physical self, he is due to confront conditions precisely as orthodox communicants of the Church have been apprised of them, taking neither time nor trouble to investigate to the contrary. Investigating to the contrary would become a species of "scoffing at the doctrine." And that, of itself, would be an Unpardonable Sin. He has been taught that also.

The second error is the acceptance that as upon the earth beneath, so must it be in the heavens above the earth. Heaven is merely a general enlargement of earth-life, subject to the same relationships but minus the economic problem.

Out of these two, or rather building upon these two, our Michigan friend wished the truth somehow established that in respect to celestial bigamy, he had acted in entire good faith and, in a manner of speaking more or less from force of circumstances. All three ladies had been most estimable persons—so he assured Soulcraft, doubtless from policy that it was playing safe to speak well of the dead and no less well of the divorced. That he was the type to take kindly to domestic bliss was a second stipulation. The point was, that marrying more than one wife *might* be most seriously frowned upon in the celestial realms, and if Deity wished to make an issue of it, he, the Michigander was in a thrice unhappy predicament. Assuredly he could not turn back the clock-hands of time and unmarry the ladies.

Seriously speaking, how was a man to make amends for his "sin", now that he had reached the years wherein he could give serious thought to it? He took it all most seriously.

Soulcraft asked for more specific details, and he gave them. He gave them willingly and volubly . . .

¶ *IS not marriage an open question, when, from the beginning of the world, such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?*

"TO TELL you the truth," he began, "looking back upon it now, I realize I married my first wife out of pity of a sort. She and I had grown up in the same small town, and gone through school together. Her father, not to put too much point upon it, was the town loafer and drunkard. Her mother did common nursing to keep the bills paid and raise the family. She was a somewhat stiffish and conscientious woman, didn't believe in divorce, and as she grew older, became a bit shrewish in her disposition. Mary was a high-spirited sort of girl and became increasingly disillusioned with life as she neared her majority. She wasn't pretty and yet she wasn't homely, if you get what I mean. If she'd had a good



home and decent parents she'd doubtless have made something of herself, but as it was, she started from bad to worse. She finally picked up with a traveling salesman—a married man, by the way—and had an experience with him that made her conclude to take her own life. One early spring night she jumped off the railroad bridge into the river."

"How were you involved?" Soulcraft interrogated.

"I," said the Michigander, "saved her and heard her story. I happened to be fishing near the railroad bridge, jumped into the water and pulled her out. I brought her out on the bank, built a big warm fire and helped her dry herself. It took half the night, and she was that reckless and hysterical that she didn't care how much I beheld of her maidenly anatomy when she stripped for the process. I had been brought up in a strict religious family, and when old Joe Burns, the game warden came

on the two of us there by the night-fire in the wood, the girl not wearing much more than my overcoat, I told him it was quite all right because she was my fiancée. And by noon next day I really made good on it. Maybe I did love her a little bit, feeling sorry for her as I did, and knowing that something drastic had to be done for her with a baby coming out of wedlock. Anyhow, I lived with her four years and when the boy came, everyone took for granted it was mine. But even before pneumonia carried Mary off, I began to realize I'd done a fool thing. Because it seemed as though Mary didn't have a thought in her head that raised higher than her own physical self. Oh, she'd been grateful enough toward me for saving her from her 'scrape' as she called it. But I never saw her read a book in her life, and she made more fuss over whether or not she was wearing a hat that matched her dress than she did over whether or not we had the premiums paid on my life insurance."

"How about wife Number Two who divorced you?" Soulcraft asked.

"SHE DIDN'T divorce me. I divorced her," corrected the visitor. "She's still living, and married again, and treating her second husband precisely as she treated me. Neglected him for the crazy faddish notions she was always running after. You remember when Votes for Women—Suffrage, they called—seemed the most important issue ever raised before the human race?"

Soulcraft did.

"Well, Annabelle had the idea from somewhere that all the troubles of the country—at least politically—were due to women not being allowed to vote. She got in with a crowd of local intellectuals, and neglected home and husband to take part in about every fool demonstration the minds of silly females could rig up. It happened that my boss became the local Congressman, and on one of his trips home, Annabelle 'went' after him—for denying women their political rights. She wasn't only rude

to him, she hit him over the head with one of the posters atop a broomstick she was carrying in some sort of demonstration, and bashed his derby down over his eyes. He fired me hands down and had Annabelle arrested. We had an awful row. Mary's kid had just started school without being decently dressed or fed—and for that matter, I wasn't, either—and I got fed up on the whole silly fad. I told Annabelle she had to make her choice between Woman Suffrage and her husband, and she taunted me that I didn't dare do anything about it. So I went and saw a lawyer. Annabelle had a terrible temper, what with her political wrongs at the hands of Man, and all. Just liked she'd bashed my boss, she danged near wrecked the attorney's office when he called her in to talk it over. It cost me two hundred dollars, paying for the plateglass window she broke."

"How long had you lived with her?"

"Eight years," the Michigander answered. "I got the divorce for incompatibility, and Annabelle went to Chicago, getting a job on a woman's paper. Later I heard she married again, but mutual friends who'd met her there claimed her second husband was just as sick of his bargain as I'd ever been, and was drinking himself to death."

"Okay, how about Wife Number Three?"

A GLOW of emotion came into the visitor's voice as he referred to his current spouse, with whom he'd found happiness of the finest kind since. "She's the girl I should have married to begin with," he declared, "if I'd had the sense to wait."

"Maybe," Soucraft qualified, "you wouldn't be appreciating her as you say you do at present, unless you'd had the two bad starts before meeting her."

"I'd like to think so. But I'd have loved Corinne anyhow, anywhere, any time. Funny thing, she often told me in a laughing way



that it was *she* who married *me* out of feeling sorry for me, same as I told you I'd done for Mary. You see, Corry had been my lawyer's stenographer and was in the very office that Annabelle smashed up. That's how she got interested in me. She said it was too bad that woman got such insane notions as Annabelle showed when there were so many who'd be perfectly grateful for an affectionate man who only wanted a square deal and a home. Anyhow, I buzzed her for the rest of that year while I was getting my interlocutory decree, and when I was free, well . . . we spliced up. And I've never regretted it, one moment. Corinne's everything the other two *weren't*. She's bookish and she's religious. But she does know how to take care of her home and husband. The only fault I've got to find with her is, she can't help driving our family car from the back-seat. When I sputter about it, she tries to convince me it's only her loving concern for me . . . and I guess she's right. But there's the three women I been family man to, and when I get to heaven and face my Maker, I got to admit to him that there's a couple other females 'round the place—or shortly due to ar-



rive in the place—with equal rights to my name and relationship. What I want to know is, . . . which one is God to say is my lawfully wedded wife? Moreover, granting I don't get kicked down to hell for the sin of bigamy, have I got to be pointed out as having three women traipse along with me wherever I go, each claiming wifeship with me? I tell you a man thinks about such things when the doctors tell him his heart may go bad on him any minute, as mine does."

It was a most tragic situation to the benedict. Again Soulcraft was sympathetic.

"Has it ever occurred to you," Soulcraft asked, "that Corinne, when she too has made the Passing, may be the only wife you ever set eyes on in the Higher Octaves of Reality?"

THE VISITOR blinked. "How do you make that out? . . . You mean Mary and Annabelle will have gone to hell?"

"No, certainly not. Soulcraft holds that the only Hell in all Cosmos is such hell as we deliberately create for ourselves, by our own benighted reasoning or misbehaving in ignorance. If you could lay aside your orthodox fixations about such matters, and investigate the real

truth about the higher realms, you might discover that it would be somewhat impossible for you ever to set eyes on Mary and Annabelle again because you might discover yourselves ascended to different planes."

"D-Different planes!" the visitor gasped. "What are those?"

"Hasn't anybody ever told you that your status or octave of residence in the Coming Life is more or less determined by your mental development?"

"No, no one's told me."

"As near as we can get the information through various forms of discarnate communication, people rise to that stratum in the Higher Life, and remain upon it, according to the general level of their spiritual intelligence. Which of the three women you've known here in earth-life was nearest yourself in spiritual attainments?"

"Why, Corry, my present wife, of course. We think as alike as two peas. We don't have a difference of opinion from New Year's to Christmas excepting on how to drive our motorcar . . ."

"All right, your first wife, Mary, who didn't have a thought above her physical appearance the year around, would naturally gravitate to your own stratum of spiritual intelligence, would she not? She'd instinctively seek out one level and you'd seek out another. You and Annabelle wouldn't 'naturally' gravitate into one another's presences, would you, from similar reasons?"

"God alone knows what general level Annabelle would 'naturally' gravitate to—unless it was a plane especially for politicians."

"More and more we're finding out, my dear fellow, that society in this next world we're all headed for, is by no means organized on the heterogeneous and madly-assorted basis that we find society here in this mortal world. One of the chief reasons why the next phase of life is known as Heaven is more or less due to our

prerogative of associating only with those on similar mental and spiritual levels with ourselves. That, in fact, is what *makes* the planes what graduating souls discover them. If you have been entangled in this confused and badly integrated mortal world with two women with whom you had little or nothing in common, the chances are you'll have little opportunity to confront each other—whereas your Corinne will be with you, and continuing to love you because you're equally of spiritual attainments. That's really the basis of *all* compatibility, you know—equal spiritual attainments."

"But how does anybody know that's the arrangement on ahead?"

"It's the arrangement most commonly attested by those who succeed at making intelligible communication with us. Soulcraft has been almost a quarter-century recording the details."

"And I'll have only one wife who loves me like Corry does, to meet and associate with, day upon day throughout eternity?"

"What have you in common with the earlier women that should bring you into contact?"

"Not a dratted thing . . . thank God!"

"Then stop worrying about it."

"I wish I could. Trouble is, the Bible does

not make any such qualifications about the people we meet in the Hereafter."

"Haven't you ever bethought to wonder *why* there should be 'different heavens'?"

"Who says there are?"

"St. Paul talked about the *Third* Heaven, didn't he? What could he have been talking about? And what of the two heavens lower than the third?"

"You think Mary and Annabelle might get no higher than the first or second, whereas Corry might be with me in the third? Golly, I *would* be saved the embarrassment of running into 'em, wouldn't I?"

"It's a thought," Soulcraft smiled.

"I'll say it's a thought. Wait till I tell Corry."

The Michigander arose as though to start northward and tell Corry on the instant. But some of humanity's profoundest worries are no less simple of solution, when we make the sincere effort to possess ourselves of the knowledge of higher realms.

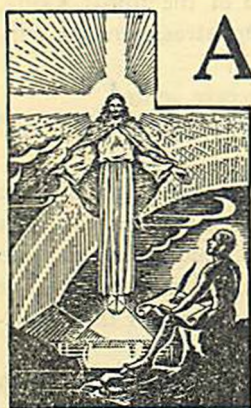
Heaven is heaven, in that people of given compatibilities associate together. Earth is the place wherein we must constantly confront all comers and make what shift with them we can. That's why too often it can be hell.

Incidentally the only Hell there is!



FOR every woman who makes a fool out of a man it isn't at all difficult to find two women who meet with success making a man out of a fool

How Far Are We Respons Personally for Human E



A READER in Chicago puts this inquiry—
“Would you say that the heart of the Soulcraft teachings is this: First, that man is personally responsible for what he does; second, that there are no values external to man; and third, that each man may therefore choose different values?”

The questioner obviously possesses intellect and no small discernment of philosophical equations. His queries show considered judgment and a capability to synopsise the essence of a doctrine. But the real heart of Soulcraft is *not* man's responsibility for what he does, since millions of men respond to the educational ordeals prescribed by great Masters of Wisdom in realms of reality scarcely suspected in earth-life. This is the “heart” of Soulcraft, assuming it be requisite to identify such heart:

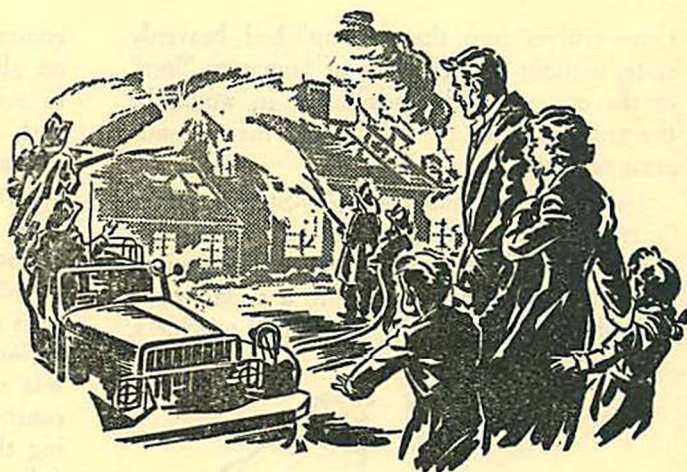
“MAN is a divinity in embryo, encountering various planes of soul-spirit experience to develop his intellect up to the celestial octave. Planetary life as encountered on the solar satellite called Earth, is one of the lowest and most elemental of those planes, and every soul-spirit must undergo all its educating roles in order to be equipped from direct knowledge of all social circumstance for mentoring increas-

¶ *A Clarification of Points
Soulcraft that May Puzzle
the Average Moralist Con-
cerning Society's Pressure o
the Hapless Individual . .*

ing hordes as they are diffused from the intellects of Great Celestial Masters as they attain to cosmic paternity. When man's individual soul-spirit has fortified itself with first-hand knowledge of all the roles and social predicaments of earth-life, he passes off the earth-plane onto still higher planetary planes where the order of life is acquisition of still more transcendent experience, until each individual becomes so massive of intellect and in command of such stupendous cosmic creative power that he demonstrates a species of divinity to universes in his own right. All sensation is, there-



...sible Behavior?



fore, a phase of development in man's celestial self-awareness, and when accepted as such, contributes its quota to his ultimate awareness of his original and ultimate celestuality."

THIS is the heart of Soulcraft, actually. It is the "craft" or skill, of the Soul, in openly recognizing the reasons for its adventures in consciousness, though fifty to a hundred thousand lives may be entailed to put every adventure possible into the cosmic recollection... so that the spiritual increment accruing from them becomes an enduring fibre of the Spirit.

Constant and continual reensoulment, of course, becomes but an incident, not an issue, in such titanic curriculum of acquiring knowledge. Constant and continual reensoulment means but constant and continual enlargement of the individual sensibilities, so *all* that the Soul-Spirit experiences can ultimately be reckoned as cosmic profit.

Soul-Spirit life in flesh is but Soul-Spirit experience in a given organic vehicle to supply the lessons inherent in limitation, thus identifying delimitation or utter freedom of action, decision, or behavior. Organic vehicles and their orientation to the social scene in any given sequence of human history on the earth-planet, are acquired in an ever-upward spiral of grace and perfection, entailing all psychosomatic re-

actions to biology and karmic obligations. But the main point is, that ultimate successions of vehicle-endurances perfect the soul in a greater and more vital awareness of its role and importance to Cosmos.

Thus the theologically suggested "salvation" of the Soul-Spirit is a misnomer, since all soul-spirits are "saved" in the end by the sheer nature of their educating exploits up the multiple and inevitable planetary worlds.

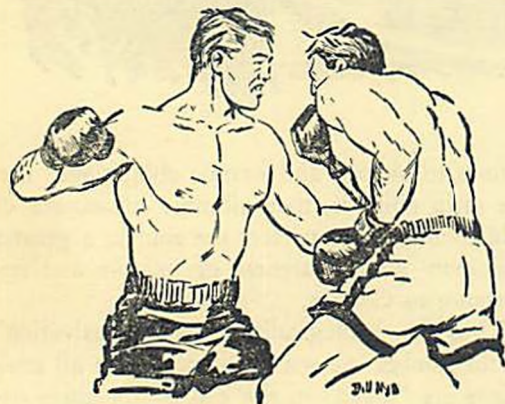
Christ Jesus, therefore, did not come into similar earth-life to "die for the sins of the world" so much as to set a vivid example of how to *live* in any passing vehicular body that the ultimate "salvation" was assured by following the Great Avatar's example and salvaging himself. Only a Midianite tribal god, with his ethics resting on paganism, would demand that a sinless person suffer for willful trespasses of the guilty. Yet such does humankind now worship.

The true Christ emphasis is on life lived constructively that the elemental issues of Crime and Punishment be succeeded by the more stupendous awards of rich moral attainment.

"Punishment" requires the existence of penal institutions to assure it. To the more advanced intellect, that is all waste of time, besides being obvious pettifoggery. To create a cosmic system where *everyone*—without a single excep-

tion—evolves into the accomplished heavenly state, without a single wisp of humanity "lost" in the entire grand ensemble of it, would be the true mark of Divinity as to macrocosmic arrangements.

Jesus was the Immortal Way-Shower, not a "sacrifice" for anything or anyone. Follow His example and *Become* is the gist of His ministry, which Soulcraft restores to a social world badly bedeviled by man's intellectual mischiefs.



REFERRING therefore to our Chicago correspondent's query, would we say that the heart of Soulcraft is man's personal responsibility for what he does? . . . the answer would be Yes and No. Every adventure, exploit, experience and sensation awaits in one's various lives up the worlds to be experienced and profited from. Put it if you like, that the multitudinous lives up the agenda of the worlds—higher planets as well as the earth-planet—are one stupendous agenda of experiences for the soul to know. Man is living in eternity NOW, and has lived since Time was a recognizable equation in intellect, so life and "death" in the conventional sense are pure academic postulations. But what he does in any given incursion into the fleshly body is largely made up of Actions and Reactions to earlier dilemmas, and his extrication from them according as he has light. God damns no one, first, because damnation could not be in His true celestial nature. God

constantly and continually supplies all spirits, on all planes of consciousness, with incentive to work their courses out of moral obligation with other contemporaneous spirits and come to realize the True Pathway to celestial omnipotence in their own rights.

In the doing of this last, of course, man is "personally responsible" for what he does. But he may do tens of thousands of acts for which he is not responsible, not having had the illumination to disclose what was equitable and what was not. Man's real responsibility lies in his *constructive* reactions to experience, and accepting them for the increments that they are, in fullest knowledge of his cosmic brevet to himself. To say there are no values, therefore, external to man, is approximately stating a gigantic truth.

Values of themselves are intellectual discriminations in the light of spiritual improvements and increments. To have a "value" a discriminating intellect must first be in existence and functioning. As for each man "choosing" different values, that is something else again, and involves a better knowledge of "choice" than is common to the average run of humanity.

MAN does not necessarily "choose" different values—he reacts to them, would be the better rendition, as his developing and expanding Soul feels the effects of them. Too literal a concept of "choice" pulls the intellect down into the childish and elemental penalties of award or damnation. Immediately that sets up a screen so that the Grand Upward Concourse of the Soul through the worlds cannot be seen. To get the high-flung cosmic canvas in all its stupendous magnitude, is to grasp an entirely new concept of what the world calls Religion. It is the upward journey of man, not so much toward the Godhead as *into* the Godhead.

Certainly the bigger human characters become spiritually the less they pay attention to the adulation of menials or the praises of those beneath them. If we are in the world at all,

WE first enact laws that manufacture criminals only to discover we must enact a lot more to punish them. This is generally called Civilization



and conceivably living lives of ethical "improvement", it stands to ordinary reason we must be progressing toward celestialty, since celestialty is *all* improvement. So by our very knowledge of good and evil, and our concernment to devote our allegiance to the first, we are emulating the Godhead in its essence. Carried to the ultimate, what can it mean but attainment *into* the Godhead? Our very moral preferences indicate our trends. The old-fashioned Levantine trends of yesteryear glorified subservience and encouraged lickspittle inferiority complexes—the basis of all negative attitude toward supernal moral attainment.

Soulcraft believes that a wholly new ideology is coming upon earth, with all paganistic rites and observances relinquished for the splendid incentive of emulation of the Christ for the emulation's sake, meaning for the true *thing* that He stood for, . . . graduation to His sublime character with the barbaric rites of Atonement—that definitely limited and deprecated God—dismissed and abandoned.

Emulate Christ's divine character and all actions, behaviors, and destinies take care of themselves. A Christ character flawlessly emulated has no need to worry about penalty for "sin". So the negative Sin ideology can be dropped out of the books and concentration directed upon the positive aspects of spiritual education.

And it is Soulcraft's fundamental that Experience does that whether we suspect it or not.

THE "HEART of Soulcraft" is intelligent acknowledgment that "no experience is purposeless", that we are living all sorts and types of experiences up uncounted worlds to enlarge us spiritually, and that God is more interested in enlightening us about our natures, destinies, and ultimate roles in the divine scheme of things than in acting the dispassionate taskmaster to see that for no transgression—no matter how petty—can there ever be escape.

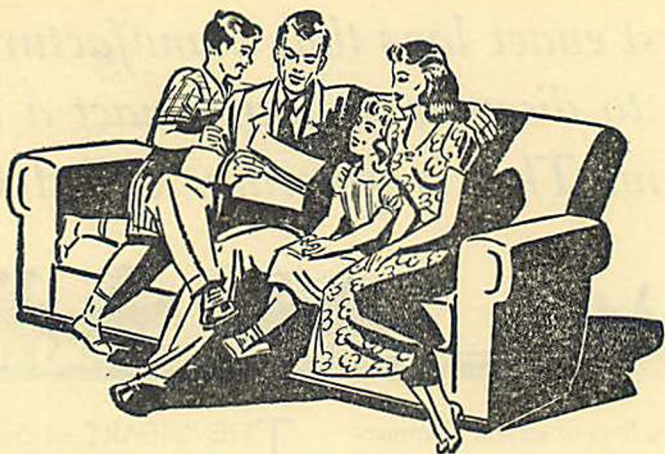
"Thou Shalt Nots" are for a people of primordial immaturity, in the childhood of their race. The greater, sweeter, kindlier, and more enduring adjuration is, "This do in remembrance of Me."

Remembrance of Him—all the way through—means living the Christ Life as we have enlightenment and opportunity, and forgetting otherwise immature complexes in regard to Sin.

Actually we are punished *by* our sins, not for them.

Let the values we choose for ourselves, therefore, approximate the values exhibited in the Christ Life, forgetting about that paganistic ideology that men call Hell or eternal torment. You're not in danger of it anyhow, if you're emulating the Christ Life so zealously that you have no time for those tremors of transgressions that might land you there.

Leave it for the ecclesiastical pundits to explain how you can land in a place, anyhow, that never has been proven to exist.



QUEER Problems in Karma We Discover in Family Relationships



A MAN well known to Soulcraft recently related his odd marital experience.

"When I was twenty," said he, "I landed a job that lasted less than three weeks. Actually, it became the most important job I ever secured in my life, because it resulted in my meeting and marrying

my first wife. I mean, I married the girl—who was also working for the same employer—after knowing her but a few days over a fortnight. The moment I'd met her so, the job collapsed under me. But the girl was with me the next years of my life and gave me two children, a daughter and a son. Almost, so it seemed, the month and the week that my son was born, my marriage itself collapsed under

¶ Multiple Marriages May Serve Different Purposes in Remedying Stresses between Men and Women . .

me. My wife went her way and I went mine. I often reflect that if that employer had turned me down on that three-week job, my whole experience with matrimony and parenthood might have been different."

"That's what you think," Soulcraft was moved to comment.

"You mean," exclaimed the visitor, "if I hadn't met the girl on that job, I'd have met

her somewhere else, under other conditions?"

"Probably without a doubt. Adults don't meet to marry and have children, without its having been arranged beforehand."

"But the thing that's always puzzled me has been, why Hazel and I completely lost interest in each other the moment our boy was born. Despite the fact that we had him to raise, she went her way and I went mine. Almost, I might put it, the boy's birth triggered something in our lives. Could it have been possible that we stayed together only long enough to have that baby son?"

"Which one of you reared the son?"

"His mother did. Kit, our daughter, came with me."

"Did you and the mother part under any stress?"

"Nope, that's the strange part. Almost we might call it we're platonically friendly. I married again, in the course of time, but she stayed single. We come together on occasions where the children are involved. We even discuss the odd result of that three-week job I got, the summer I was twenty."

"The children must both be adult-grown, then?"

"Yes, and both married. But another funny thing, as brother and sister they seem to be more closely pulled together than they're pulled toward their parents. They continually help each other out when there's no real need for it, both their mother and myself being able to supply them with whatever they really lack."

Soulcraft considered it. "Isn't it rather obvious what happened?"

"Obvious! No, not to me at least."

"Well, let's examine it . . . Here were four people, two men and two women. One of the men and one of the women had reasons for going into mortal life ahead of the other two. When the first pair had attained to physical maturity, they would contrive to meet and marry. Then the second pair would come in



as offspring. The second pair had no conubial obligations to pay off to each other, so they could make their relationship that of brother and sister."

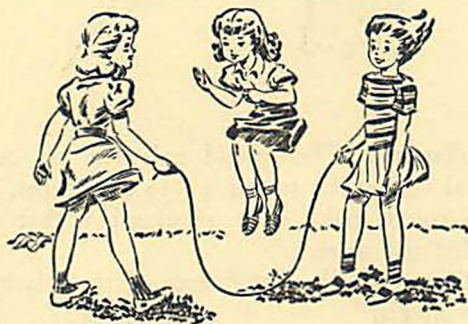
"But what's the significance of the relationships at all?"

"The significance of the relationships—taken solely on the details you've recounted—would seem to be that the daughter had obligations to pay off to her father and the son toward his mother. While these debts were being settled, the brother and sister also had settlements to make, one toward the other. Apparently the only arrangements by which these matters could be worked out in the mortal state was

a marriage between you and the girl you encountered in that two-week job. You and she had no personal settlements to make, so your matrimony was a mere physical episode that those other two souls might make their adjustments to the first man and woman who played the part of parents. Taken by and large, it's a fairly simple exposition of two people owing karmic debts to each other and to the souls who played the roles of parents long enough to get the first two physically born, but the two playing the roles of parents having small interest in one another otherwise."

The visitor considered it. "But what did Hazel and I get out of it?"

"You gave your daughter the opportunity to square all accounts with you. Your wife gave your son the opportunity to square all accounts with herself. At the same time, the pair that became your children could discharge anything they might be owing to each other, while employing the brother-sister relationship to accomplish it. When the four of you get back on the Higher Octaves, you can go onward and upward in spirit without those personal debts distressing you. . . ."



PROBLEMS such as these, viewed rationally in the light of the Higher Wisdom, demonstrate their solutions while we're still in the mortal coil, thus saving us much heartburn over any possible fracture of ethics.

This episode generally was more or less the obverse of the woman who came to Soulcraft and propounded the following—

"You can think of me what you like, but it's actually a fact that I've got four children, and the father of each one of them was a different man. Moreover, I was legally married to him when each baby arrived. I was twice widowed and once divorced, and am living with my fourth husband at present . . . who is such a fine man that he has never once objected to a penny of the expense that the children of three other men have been to him. Could you explain to me what might have been operating behind any such life-pattern?"

The woman putting the inquiry was personable and intellectual. She had lines of spiritual suffering in her face but noble resolution and stamina also. Soulcraft said—

"Suppose you supply more details."

"I WAS a somewhat precocious girl," said the caller, "and matured early. My first romance climaxed when we got into the First World War and the boy I was in love with, got orders to go overseas. I had a week with him after a midnight ceremony, then he left for France. He was killed almost the first engagement his Division got mixed up in. My oldest girl never saw her father and he never saw her. I grieved over this tragedy so badly that my boss took pity on me and, knowing the hard time I was having to hold my job and care for the girl, he proposed to me and in a sort of desperation I accepted him. Frankly I didn't feel much love for him of a romantic nature until I'd had my second girl by him. But it wasn't romance, it was merely affection growing out of appreciation. I lived about four and a half years with my second husband—then he died suddenly from first degree burns, trying to battle the blaze when our Christmas Tree caught fire."

"What specific year did that happen?"

"The Christmas of 1927."

"A One-Year . . . Go on!"

"Tom, my second husband, was some ten years older than myself. He'd been affluent when I married him and I found myself left

with a comfortable estate when his will was probated. Then I happened to run across the army veteran who'd been Fred's bosom buddy in France—Fred had been my oldest girl's father—and his stories of Fred's experiences and final Passing in battle seemed to awaken all girlhood instincts for romance for Fred vicariously in Alexander. At any rate, when Alex proposed to me in the early part of 1929, I accepted him. We married and went to Manhattan to live. Alex was attached to a Wall Street stock-brokerage firm, and using a lot of the estate that Tom, my second husband, had left me, he ran it up to triple and quadruple its original value. That was during the summer of 1929, just before the Crash."

"And it ended by his causing you to lose everything?"

"By no manner of means. Not, at least, in the October Crash. My Crash came in September, a month ahead."

"Just how?"

"I made the benumbing discovery that Alex, by marrying me when he did, had committed bigamy. He hadn't told me that he'd married a French girl before coming home from overseas . . . and when she'd saved up enough money to make the trip, she came across to New York and hunted him up. She had a pair of twin boys with her—his children. When she learned he had married me, she came directly to see me, exhibited her bona fide marriage papers, and announced she meant to have my marriage annulled. I was within a week of having my third daughter when this blow threatened, and I collapsed and had the motherhood experience ahead of time. The upshoot of the affair was, Alex cashed in what market securities he could and left for South America with his earlier French wife and their twins. I divorced him, naturally, to get my own name cleared of the mess, and from that day to this I haven't heard hide nor hair of him."



THE SOULCRAFT caller was recounting these experiences without maudlinity or self-pity. She had salvaged enough for her own estate after the elopement of her bogus husband to keep her and enable her to raise her three girls over the next ten to twelve years. Then in her forties, she had married for the final time an attorney acquaintance who had handled many of her affairs for her since the death of her second husband, who had lately become a widower, and irony of ironies she had had her fourth and last child by this lawyer—inevitably a girl. But for almost fourteen years she had enjoyed a reasonably happy home life caring for him and for the four daughters . . . such was her biography and what kind of karmic pattern could possibly



have been working out in the whole of it? Her first daughter, incidentally, was her favorite and the most devoted to her . . .

"What," Soulcraft asked, "was the year and month and day of your birth?"

The caller replied without embarrassment, "I was an Independence Day baby . . . July 4th, 1902."

Quick calculation in Numerology established that the much-married lady had come into her current mortality on a Five life-path. The Digit Five was the number indicating adaptability or orientation to Change as change. Change, that is, for its own sake and the lessons in self-reliability that accrued from it. Drama was bound to follow in her affairs, and yet withal, being a Cancerian, she had a splendid ballast of moral character, spiritual stamina and loyalty-to-an-ideal. Being willing to marry four times was perchance the acceptance of a challenge that she *could* make a success of Matrimony if given any sort of break.

But what of the Karma with the males involved? . . .

Judging broadly, it would appear that the soldier-boy romance was karmically intended, that the oldest daughter might be born through such mother. Her second marriage was obviously one of convenience but might also have given have given the second girl a chance to pay off karma to the woman through whom we secured her bodily vehicle. The third affair seemed to have been as clear a case of how new karma gets started between mortal folk as

could be presented. The woman had suffered a nostalgia for her original lover when she beheld his war comrade, and as they undoubtedly had come from a single cosmic group, displayed herself as susceptible to his blandishments. He married her deceitfully, knowing her had not the legal right, and when the accounting came he fled, purloining moneys that had not been his to take. This was a pure instance of karmic debt—and in a subsequent life the man's subservience to the wronged bride might be long and bitter.

As we are meeting and mingling constantly with others of our own spiritual octaves, the final mating with the kindly attorney made a happy ending to a distressful period. Karma may or may not have been involved, but it could not have been of major consequence, since both were rendering equal amounts of service to each down their sunset years.

But the woman's Numerology, when Soulcraft worked it out, disclosed the greater lesson she had come into life to learn . . .

Her Inner Expression figured out to a 7—*so did her Outer Expression*. This totaled 14 which added in turn to a 5. She was a 5 in her life-path. What Numerology! Seven was the number of Spiritual exploration. It meant experience in ordeal for the sake of surmounting it. Her whole life-errand took precedence over the karmas involved.

Soulcraft told her that her marriages were only part of her Spiritual errand to herself.

Family relationships indeed!

DOORSTONE

Winchester
MacDowell



MAY I give friendliness and cheer
To everyone who enters here!
If I find words that cheer and bless,
Some kindly thought to lighten stress
For any, all, who call on me,
Then they and I will happy be.
Bless he who calls on me today!
Oh, let no stranger pass this way
Without a flash of cheer from me
However hurried I may be;
Aheartening glance, a swift-winger prayer,
A cheering word that he may wear
Upon his heart a brief glad while
To help him win his next hard mile.
God bless the neighbor too, who rings
Just when a thousand clamoring things
Would claim my time. May he not guess
The plan upset, the startled stress
His coming caused. But may he find
Me neighborly and always kind,
And to the borrowed cup of salt
Let me not add my pinch of fault.
For friend or foe who enters here
May I reserve a blessing dear:
Bid him to rest a loving while
Beside my hearthfire's ruddy smile.
When evening's tranquil sands run low
Let friendship's kindest candles glow.
Thus, speeding on a gladder way
The one who rings my bell today!

WHAT Process Occurs When You Pray? . .

Psychically Transcribed



VIGOROUS indeed are the Master Planes of Spirit. Consciousness is not an attainment so much as an ennoblement caused by forces that come to you with prayer.

Prayer is not what men think it is. It is not beseechment so much as ever-maintained states of con-

sconsciousness-projection. It makes you to see with vividness the things of spirit as they are.

Conscious prayer is one thing: consoling of the purest essence. It makes you to know your Redeemer, so to speak, not theologically but morally—that is, manneristically. You get comfort from prayer because it ennobles you. You come to pray in a prayerful spirit where you find that it beleaguers you in a little world of your own, where vital forces make their own. You say to yourself: "I will pray." You say to yourself: "It is good for me to have this thing, therefore I ask this." You keep yourself of open heart to receive it. Immediately you get it if the prayer be correct.



You have no excuse for prayer otherwise.

You think you pray when you say: "Lord, come unto me!" You go to the Godhead in spirit instead—that spirit within you that is your divinity, naught else. In the innermost recesses of your being it hides. You bring it out consciously. It serves you beautifully. You say you are calmed. What you really mean is, *you are ennobled because you gave it play.*

THE SYSTEM is the same for any materialization. Let go and let the Godhead serve you by ennobling you to meet conditions devoid of fear. Happy is the man who can make himself known unto himself in this respect.

You know all that there is to know, forever and amen. True prayer awakens the sluggish mortal to the sense of his own immortality.

You give of yourself too generously in circumstance and not enough to the quiet of your own heart. Reverse the process and you will become a wonder-worker. People have come and gone in circumstance without affecting you seriously. But the things of spirit, quiet un-

der the stimulus of reverie, keep their eternal tryst within the vaults of your being.

HARKEN to this well: You cannot make progress unless you employ the mightiest force of all, *Concentration in Silence!*

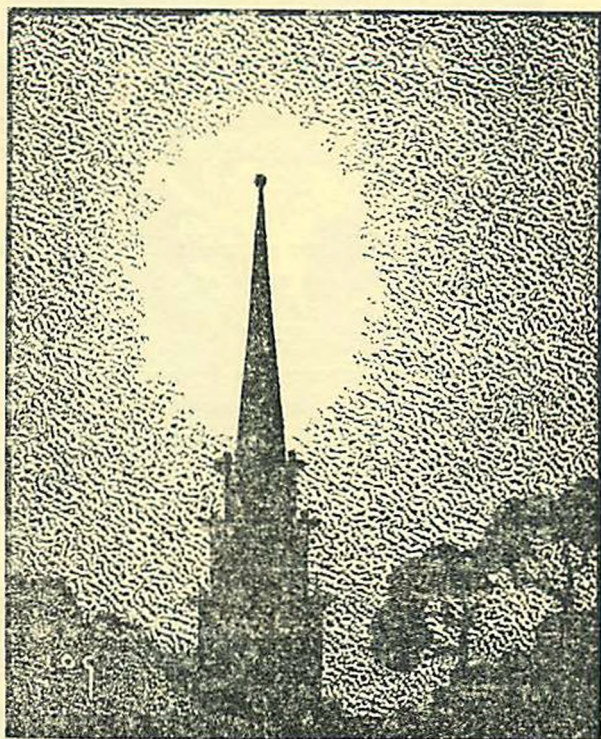
We have heard you say that you want to make progress faster.

Be quiet and do it!

Be quiet unto infinity and all will come out that you want to have come out. Tell yourself these words: Our Lord never learned anything among men. He got it all in silence in the far waste places. You can get the same silence in a church or in your office, or any parking-place of spirit, if you will only heed the Still, Small Voice that says: *I am He who is Eternal, a fragment of the Infinite, cast off but not cut off, from all that is eternal.*

Ropes are strong only as they imply a strength of many fibres. Quiet is strong only as it implies the strength of many silences. When you are apt to go crosswise with Love, take a sojourn within yourself and see what permits you to get out of tune with Love and return to your starting-point, making a new promise to yourself to be as obdurate as you may but not to lose sight of eternal beneficence.

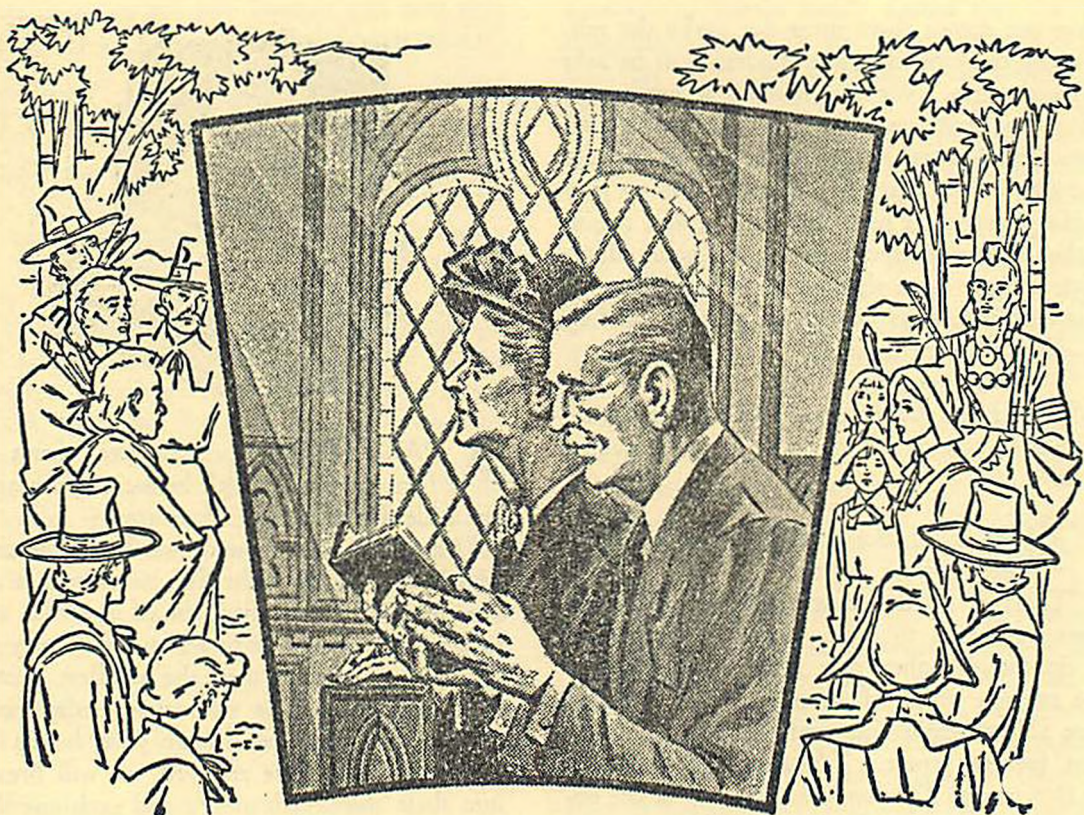
THE STARTING-POINT of all this, is your desire to serve. It began when you asked to serve in your heart. That was many years ago in cosmic time. We came with you in many experiences and had fellowship with you. You took upon yourself a cross or oath that you would serve to the utmost. It worked in your case very peculiarly. You wanted to serve practically, not subjectively, or in spirit form. Thus you were permitted to go into life times without number and manifest there. You had no reason to do this excepting your wish to serve practically. You had your wish and came to each to make your promise true. You came serving beautifully time on time. That



is the meaning of your oft-repeated phrase: "*I would if I could; I can if I may!*"

Let it not be thought by this that we are trying to tell you something you do not know, but you have made a point all the way along of listening to our voices, so we keep in touch with you continuously. We say to you: "Here you can serve best" . . . we cannot make distinctions in divine service or servitude. Either we serve or we do not. And so long as we serve, we do that which is asked of us—even unto the end in Glory. We seek out the ways to serve because they are ways. We open doors for ourselves because we are Door Openers. We make ourselves evident as servers and the times comply with patrons. We don't discriminate. *Service is service.*

Don't overlook this. Caste distinctions mean nothing. Numbers are naught but multitudes



"This sort of instruction is like drinking of a fountain of pure cool water after years of horrid thirst."

"Yes, it is the Living Water indeed! To resume: There is no spiritual fault in ignorance unless it be willful ignorance. And willful ignorance is the *result* of fear, never the *cause*. We mean by fear in this connection the refusal to open the mind to knowledge and understanding because of the fear of the obligations they bring with them. Fear, you must understand, is always buried beneath the threshold of consciousness and is not always recognized for that which it is."

"To me the mystery of this whole interpretation is in the selection of one with such inadequate attainments as myself to be the recipient."

"We never waste our riches, nor do we

spread our pearls before swine. Draw your own conclusions."

"I wonder how many times I have been discoursing in the past with other people when my expressions were not my own at all, but mental contributions from unseen friends?"

"Perhaps we did join in more than you know. We are sure of you else we never would have undertaken this labor. Much hangs upon the meaning of words. When we thus endeavor to reduce to human terms Truth which cannot be so confined, we must use the word that seems nearest to Truth and you must do the translating. We may help you in that too, but it will be when you are not conscious of our presences or our help. May the seeds of this plant take firm root in the garden of your hearts so that it may one day afford both shelter and sustenance to all who pass that way."

TAKE Hell Out of Religion and What Remains?

¶ *The Supreme Indictment of Theology of the Present*



SOULCRAFT had a clean-cut, 16-year-old lad working for its maintenance department after school. He was willing, efficient and liked his job. But on a recent Saturday, his father drove up to the plant

to convey him home. The boy was visiting the cashier to get the weekly money due him. The father came into the printing-room, wandered among the composing stones, and saw an electrotpe of The Christ on the rack. Was this a religious publishing-house, the parent inquired? He was told that in a manner of speaking it



most decidedly was. What faith? No particular denomination, just religious. The father frowned. How could you have a religious faith without it being denominational, *some* denomination? The employe to whom he addressed himself sought to introduce him to the *Golden Scripts*. The father scowled deeper and blacker. What was this nonsense about human souls being in life merely to gain education spiritually from experience? The question of Adamic Sin? Didn't Soulcraft "believe" that Christ died to redeem man from Adamic Sin? Didn't Soulcraft "believe" in eternal damnation of the wicked? Patiently these matters were explained insofar as the father had intellect to grasp them. Finally it came down to this: Did—or did not—Soulcraft "believe" in the literality of Hell?

No, Soulcraft did not.

That tore it.

If you denied the literality of Hell you denied the literality of the Bible, didn't you? You denied the Vicarious Atonement. You denied the whole Plan of Salvation. How could you be a religious publishing house and deny Hell, the Vicarious Atonement, and the Plan of Salvation? Take Hell, and the Vicarious Atonement, and the Plan of Salvation out of religion and what had you left?

The fine, industrious, 16-year-old lad did not report for work on Monday. By the grapevine came the report that his parent did not wish the boy to run the risk of hell-fire by even washing the Soulcraft windows.

All this in central Indiana in the fifth year of the second half of the assumedly "enlightened" twentieth century . .

INQUIRY developed that the father belonged to a pentacostal sect that believed in just

two classes of people in life, the Saved and the Unsaved. The Saved were headed unconditionally for Heaven. The Unsaved were headed as unconditionally for Hell. If you didn't believe in Hell, you were, of course, Unsaved. Even to question it was to "sin" . .

It would be easy enough to embark on an agenda of diatribes against dogmatic cant, orthodox fixations, and Puritanic psychopathia, against an otherwise normal American who would not permit his son to wash the windows of a publishing-house that issued literature questioning the literal existence of Hell. What holds the more profitable enlightenment for the Soulcraft intellect is how such devotees of Inferno "get that way"?

What, in other words, is their "errand to themselves" in the current ensoulment that they are inhibited from conceiving God in happier and more constructive terms than endorsing the existence of a locality where suffering is constant and eternal?

They admit that God is All-Powerful to dictate conditions throughout all Cosmos and that Perdition exists by His express license, if not His deliberate manufacture.

They do not see the logic in the argument that if God were responsible for the creation and continuation of Hell, and all that goes on therein, He is thereby not one whit different than the Devil who presides over it. The fact that God also has created and maintains an antithetical Heaven for the express accommodation of the Saved, would scarcely seem to lessen His responsibility for Hell if He *could* abolish the atrocious place and did not.

Charge that father with being, not a Christian but the most respectable and devout Devil Worshiper, and he would either run berserk or Take Steps.

But to believe in the literal Hell of Dante and Milton, you must first believe in the Authorities who are responsible for it. The circumstance that an all-wise and all-compassionate Creator tolerates such a place, indicates

that He could terminate it if it so pleased Him. The fact that He does not, thereby makes Him a party to its proprietorship.

Men have died at the stake for discussing less.

If you tolerate the Hell Idea, however, you must subscribe to the Satanic proprietorship. The pentacostal communicant indeed subscribes to that—with far greater fervor than he subscribes to the literality of Heaven. He subscribes to the literality of Hell and its Satanic Proprietorship because something has caused him to fear his possibility of landing within the domains of each and not being able to do a thing about it.

That terror, forsooth, is a form of worship!

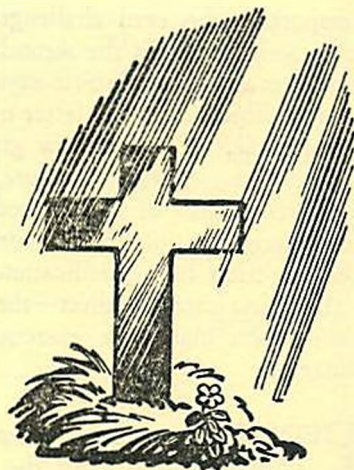
Worship is "the act of paying divine honors to a deity or considering them objects of obsequious respect". So says the dictionary.

Placing such unhallowed emphasis in the subscription to Perdition and its Proprietors is making them objects of obsequious respect.

Does the whole satanic ensemble merit respect? It most certainly does, declare millions of pentacostal Christians. Pay it no respect and you run the risk of gaining admission to it throughout all eternity. What else are they doing but according it a variety of adulation that makes the "saved" fullest believers in damnation?

A God who would operate a fiery maw for living human beings, with or without the vicarious proprietorship of the Devil, would be ethically beneath the ordinary human being who would refuse to toss a kitten upon a red-hot stove from sheer human decency. The whole concept is strictly human, of course, and definitely pagan. But millions accredit it, solely through the inertia of tradition.

THE HIGHER Wisdom tells us that two motives may be operating—or one of two motives—in the case of the avowed Christian who is so fearful regarding the fate of his soul



that he would adulate a God who not only tossed kittens on red-hot stoves but dropped live and screaming human beings into the furnace-boxes of Hades . . . or allowed them to be dropped when He could halt it by abolishing the place.

The first motive is one of implicit and almost poignant acquiescence to the instructings of Holy Writ as propounded in any given day or generation. The soul-spirit is so conscientiously anxious to do what it is "right" that it refuses even to examine the tenets in which it is called to believe, fearing that skepticism itself may be a violation of spiritual standards. It by no means "worships" the devil through preference, in that it adulates wickedness for its own sake; it wishes to demonstrate its obedience to Divine Law even though Divine Law be incorrectly portrayed or expounded, and is willing to leave the deed to be ransomed by the intention.

The second motive is more serious. It may be a form of the grossest Selfishness in display, "playing it safe" for the spirit's sake by assuring itself that the letter of the law is regarded even though it offend every tenet of morals and righteousness that can be called up.

In the first instance you get a citizen so law-abiding that it would look askance at the con-

temporary who even challenged the law's efficacy or legality. In the second case you get an instance of the soul-spirit saying to itself, "A literal adherence to the letter of the law should absolve me, no matter how greatly the law itself offends. I will, therefore, take refuge in the technicality of strict obedience and leave it to weightier intellects to determine whether the law itself have justification."

In either case, Intellect—the divinest possession which man may exercise—is stifled and outraged.

PEOPLE who persist in maintaining an assiduous "respect" for the Hades of tradition, are merely selfishly "playing it safe." Maybe there isn't any such fate awaiting the spirit on physical demise, but better be safe than sorry. Paying it homage by accrediting it and shaping their conduct accordingly should render them immune from consignment to it . . . or so they reason, if it can be called reasoning.

The fact that ten thousand discarnate souls find ways to communicate back from beyond the grave and assure their physical survivors that nowhere in subsequent areas of life is anything indicated of a hellish nature, can mean nothing to the type of conservative intellect who is "playing it safe".

Wholesome physical Fear is at the bottom of it actually, of course! But this fear is sublimated into acquiescence to biblical injunction. Too often this acquiescence to biblical injunction passes for Morals or Conversion, when it is really a more or less cold-blooded Safety-Insurance. By performing lip-service to a liturgy, the premiums become settled on the post mortem possibility of Perpetual Fire.

In the case of the spirit so eager to conform

to Divine Law that it transgresses intellect, the attitude is pardonable. In the case of the soul that is "playing it safe" by adulating the devil just a little bit and thereby expecting God is going to chalk up caution as a merit for later admittance to the Elysian Fields, the attitude is execrable.

But such a soul cannot be salvaged from that type of Self-Preservation because you are asking it to tamper with the very brimstone brands and flares that it is seeking to repudiate.

THAT Soulcraft may have lost a likely lad whose services were appreciated, is trivial. That the parent's desperation to "play it safe" in regard to hellfire is thereby passed along to the progeny, is quite something else. The error and the inhibition compound.

Half the Christians in life today are only such through terror of reprisal if they be otherwise, is one of the lamentable circumstances of twentieth-century Christianity. What is left as Religion, if you take the Vicarious Atonement and eternal damnation out of theology, is the problem indeed. It is the legacy of countless generations of Fear Conscripts in turn, who must only interpret God's immortal love in terms of reprisal for the short-comings and ordeals of earth. Religion is "fear of the Lord", not appreciation of what the good God has provided for man's immortal welfare and progress—mentally, spiritually and ethically.

The woeful feature of it all is, that those who thus adulate Satan by proxy through the Lord, are the witch-burners and moral murderers of free-intellect in such forms as it takes to escape the satanic karma of the whole of it.

All a man-made concept, to account for the abstruse ordeals of human existence! What a pity. And what a pother.



DO You Know How to Protect Yourself with a Thought-Armor?

¶ *THE CHRIST Force Is a Positive Thing that Can Be Proven in the Individual Case by Conscious Induction*

By the Editor



PEOPLE ALL over the nation are assailing me constantly with dire warnings of doom in regard to myself personally.

As one woman wrote me recently in all good intent, "these teachers who come back to tell the world what must be done to make it perfect, will take their

mediums up above the clouds—yes, out of the earth's atmosphere—and while the recorder in his honesty and earnest desire to help the human race, sits up on the top of the universe listening to the music of the spheres and watching the planets go by, they will suddenly knock the props out from under him and he falls in a heap on hard rocks of earth. I had that experience and hundreds of others have had it. Even the Christ was turned over to the mob after He had given His best to humanity."

One man recently wrote me a 5,000-word

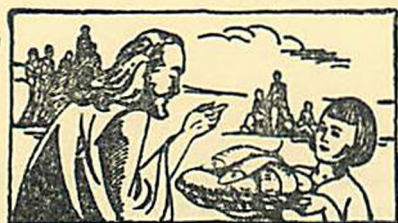
letter in which he affected to tear to pieces *all* the messages that I claimed to have received from my teachers. He sought desperately to show me that I was being humbugged—at least used as the cat's paw of a lot of bombastic masqueraders on the Astral Plane who had succeeded in hypnotizing me to the point where I believed and published everything they said. In time he contended that they would destroy me *as they had attempted to destroy him* when he openly began to question much of their doctrine.

IN DIGGING down into the personal experiences of such people, which have left them in a mental condition where they think such warnings to others necessary, I find uniformly a strange state of affairs, one feature of which is too glaring to be ignored.

When I ask such "adepts" where they place Jesus the Christ in the category of cosmic instruction there is usually a figurative tightening of the lips, dulling of the eye, and shrugging of the shoulders. "Oh, Jesus is of no more cosmic importance than any other Mas-

ter of the Wisdom," they retort. Some of them whom I have talked with personally, have given me a certain benign toleration and declared, "My poor deluded man, don't you know that there are teachers on the Higher Planes even much further advanced in wisdom than Jesus?"

I am beginning over a period of approximately twenty-five years' time, to take note of the fact that it is just these people who leave Jesus out of their cosmic calculations, depreciate Him, or ignore Him, who sooner or later seem to get into all sorts of psychical snarls, lose their faith or their reason, or at least end up cynics.



THERE is a strange, hard, hopeless, individualistic, survival-of-the-fittest ring to the philosophy of these teachers that dulls and chills the spirit, when they thus classify Jesus as merely "among those present" on the Other Side. In actual tests with entities who affect to do the same thing from the higher dimensions, I have listened to the most exquisite interpretations of doctrine interspersed with cursings and revilings. When I undertook to protest, I was curtly told "not to be so sanctimonious".

In my own case, however, I have found this strange phenomenon to be true: whenever I have been attacked, muddled, confused, led temporarily astray by the "logic" of some of these psychical utterances, plagued by poltergeists, or attacked by swarms of discarnate entities who wrought a physical distress in my bodily vibrations, I have learned to "shut a fire-door" on the whole distressing bedlam by a very simple process.

I deliberately clear everything out of my brain and spend fifteen or twenty minutes of quiet, calm concentration on the personality of Jesus. Soon a necromantic thing begins to happen—

My left hand and forearms begin to tingle pleasantly with a warm, vigorous glow, not unlike an external vibration. Instead of lethargic trance resulting, I begin to feel a strange, dynamic, resplendent galvanism creep up my whole arm, take possession of my left shoulder, continue to flood gradually my whole left side. It grows stronger and stronger. My brain seems to become energized in the exact antithesis of occult trance. Every faculty in my body is ecstatically enhanced. Reputable people with the optic ability to see beyond the ultra-violet, who have happened to be in the same room with me when this occurs, have compared notes with one another and declared that my whole aura undergoes a resplendent transformation into a delicate orchid blue-violet that fans out to three feet from my head and shoulders.

WHEN this phenomenon is at its height, I can suddenly hear a "mental voice" starting to speak as clearly and concisely as I have ever heard any voice issuing from the larynx of an earthly person. And forthwith, in every case, absolutely without error, that Voice has set me set straight, explained the most abstruse problems, admonished those who have confused me, corrected their wrong interpretations of doctrine, and brought the whole Instruction back into perfect harmony of idea and ideal.

When I repeat to a stenographer, and have recorded and transcribed, what I have heard from that Voice, I separate such material from all else I may have received, and call it a Master Message. It is these so-called Master Messages that have hewn to a true line from the very beginning of my instruction, never deviated, pronounced the profoundest truths in language so simple and beautiful that there

is no gainsaying the majestic intellect projecting them.

There is no sense of fatigue after one of these sessions; I am gloriously rested, no matter how weary my day may have been. Strangely, too, whenever other sensitives are with me at such times, they are usually affected by stupendous vibrations in the atmosphere which in some cases have had the effect of holding them physically motionless, almost paralyzed, until the full message has been received.

AND WHAT is the great underlying theme of those messages?

It is a rich and overwhelming suffusion of the idea and ideal in all the teaching, that the key to all the universe and all the wonders therein is warm, constructive, personal LOVE—the one ingredient that Jesus made the crux of all His instruction in Galilee, and the one ingredient which the eastern philosophers seem consistently to minimize.

People affecting to be Adepts—and perhaps they are!—write me from all over the earth, addressing me as though I knew nothing about Occult forces, had no knowledge of earthbound spirits, the peculiarities of the astral plane, had never encountered any mischief makers, did not know the pitfalls that lie waiting for the feet of those who believe everything that is transmitted merely because it originates in another dimension. I try to tell those people that I have no awe whatever for those discarnate spirits and subject them to just as much discrimination and just as much editing as I would subject people in flesh who might come to me bearing all sorts of strange ideas, notions, and doctrines. But it seems to do little good. They have burned their own fingers by leaving the Greatest Master of Wisdom of them all—Jesus the Christ—out of the picture, and they fear that nothing is ahead for me but a similar roasting of my whole body.

ALL THAT I know is, that by the power of relaxation it is possible to call down



out of the higher dimensions something that I choose to call The Christ Force. This enters into the physical body through the antenna of the left hand and arm. Inviting it, and allowing it to course through the physical self, it is like a powerful fountain of impenetrable water falling all around one, and making an armor through which the lesser souls of would-be instructors, usually earthbound, cannot exist—or at least cannot function.

It happens, fortunately, that I am not by temperament one of those who immediately throw a whole doctrine out of the window and say I will have nothing more to do with it merely because something goes wrong with it in minor aspects. Disillusion, remember, is nothing but an error of ideals. If I happen to get material that does not always square with what I have reason to believe is true, I am willing to admit that I have been at fault in idealizing what I have previously received. My cue is to go back to first principles and study out what is wrong, where the error has crept in, whether or not there has been a crossed telephone wire somewhere, and I have paid attention to the wrong voice coming over the cosmic wire.

So long as the basis of this teaching is constructive love, so long as the matter affects to ennoble the recipient, so long as suggestions are made that are of positive value to society if they could be applied practically—then I am cheerfully gullible and do not mind who sends them. The instant they depart from these restrictions, while it may sound like rationalizing of a sort, immediately I say, "The right people would not be sending such material and something must have gone wrong somewhere with the transmitting machinery."



In practically every case, when I took this attitude and waited till I had received my cues, correction has come and true doctrine has continued.

I have no criticism of Theosophy to offer, because I believe that the Theosophists are nearer to the true facts about the forces operating behind life than many of the theological creeds and sects. I do say constructively, however, that if the Theosophists would only add more militantly to their interpretations of the Cosmos, the crux of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, they could and would sweep the world. But when they say, as many of their representatives have said to me at least, "We have other teachers quite as adept and clever as the one you call Jesus," but those "other teachers" fail to put the dynamic vitality of the warm Christ Love into the renditions of their doctrines, I say in all brotherly solicitation that they are baking a cake for the world's hunger and leaving out the sugar. Some of them have turned on me and asked, "So you've got to have sentimentality with your doctrines, have you?" I have replied, "No not Sentimentality, not idolatry of His resplendent personality, nor altogether callow admiration for His spiritual attributes. What I've got to have in my doctrine is the loving theme of the Beatitudes. Not philosophy in the abstract, but human and divine love in the concrete."

AND Christ Jesus epitomizes that. He supplies that. He gives that strength, clear wits, vitality, adhesive solicitude, to the hu-

man structure. And that of itself is a Power not to be ignored.

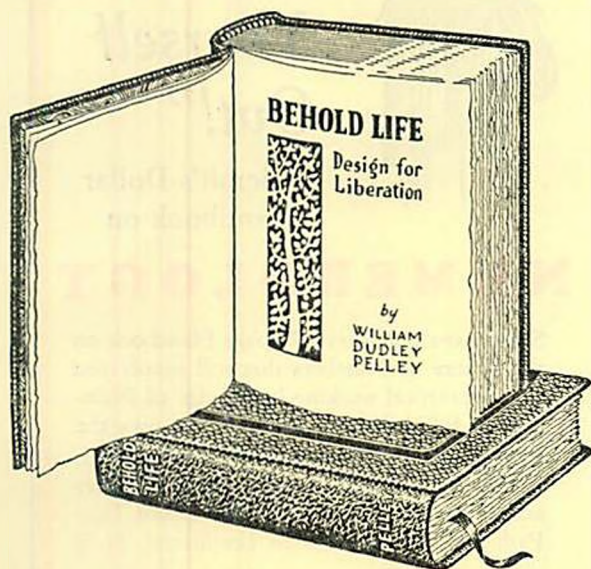
Perhaps we of this western world who are having our psychical abilities awakened, are to add just these to the interpretations of the truths that underlie Theosophy. Time alone will tell.

At any rate, I am perfectly willing to assume responsibility for leading people spiritually along paths that keep consistently to the direction in which Christ Jesus waits in such concepts of Him as I believe I get from the higher dimensions. As He Himself has said repeatedly: "If you listen to the adversary, lo your wits desert you!" As for tumbling from any vast height onto the crude rocks of earth, I beg to differ with that correspondent who implies that I am soaring somewhere up among the planets and listening to the music of the spheres. I am living, moving, speaking and writing, in a world of very practical affairs, and while I may occasionally make errors of judgment or good taste, all things must check up with me in logic before I will have anything to do with them, much less pass them on.

Why other teachers do not thus maximize Christ, I cannot say. I can only see to my own instruction and do it insofar as I am able in my own case. All I know is, that wherever Christ and His tenets are added to theosophical principles and fundamentals, human lives are straightened out, human souls salvaged from distress and confusion. I am seeing it happen before my eyes. And so long as that goodly work continues, I am willing to be personally judged by it at its termination.

What's this Plan of Creation? . .

TO KNOW what Life—and Soulcraft—are all about, you should start at the beginning. Sages on majestic Heights of Intelligence yet contactable through Extra-Sensory Perception have supplied us with the full agenda of the Plan of Creation, and the colossal fundamentals have been put into book form, in a volume that offers you a college education in Mysticism—providing “you can take it”! *Don't be too sure that you can!*



"BEHOLD LIFE"

is the first Soulcraft book you should read. It is by no means a history book nor a work on biology. What it does is acquaint you with the whole massive Plan behind conscious life that the universe is perfecting under supernal guidance. For the first time in your life you begin to grasp what you are doing on earth, and why.

Beautiful Deluxe Books

Most students of this great illumination try to compile a library of these exquisite volumes, done on ivory paper in wine-red leatherette covers. All the Soulcraft books run to pattern.

*You can buy your copy
of this first book for* **\$4**

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana



In this Age of Flying Saucers . .

are we brought face to face with the possibility that the various races of earth might have originally come to this planet by some form of travel in Space Ships? . .

STAR GUESTS

is an extraordinary book of 318 pages, purporting to have captured from sources above the mortal, the cosmic account of how the human species reached this earth from across interstellar space, back in Miocene times . .

¶ Where the human species originated, and how it got upon terra firma—giving us the celebrated Fall of the Angels—is one of the great arcane mysteries of Cosmos as well as the first book of the Bible. You need the information in this volume to help you understand today's Drama of the Skies!

One of the fundamental books of Soulcraft, in red Leatherette, \$4.00

ELUCIDATA

A Glossary of 100 Soulcraft Terms



FOR \$1 you can buy a copy of a 49-page handbook containing 100 definitions of terms commonly used in Soulcraft, so that you know their exact meanings—a real help! \$1



“Figure Yourself Out!”

Soulcraft's Dollar Handbook on

NUMEROLOGY

SOULCRAFT publishes a 74-page Handbook on the Science of Numbers that will supply you with a practical working knowledge of Numerology for day-to-day purposes. It gives the Pythagorean significances of all the numerals and shows you how to figure out your Inner and Outer Expressions as well as your Life-Path for yourself. *In Leatherette, \$1.00*

To Get a View of America under the Golden Times

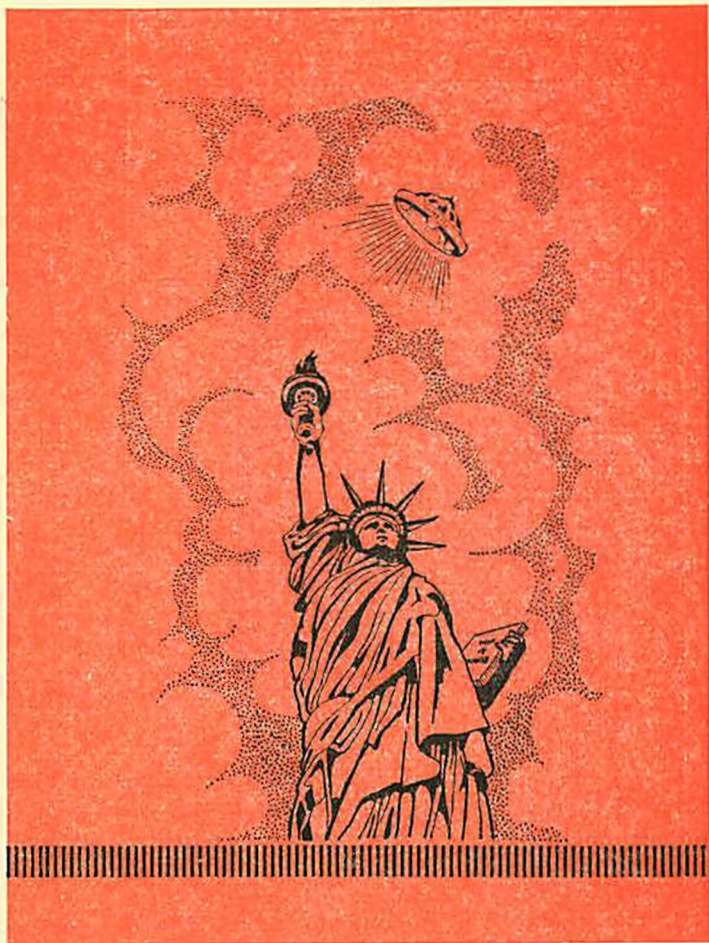
you should buy and read the Soulcraft book about the future, and the probable alterations to take place between the nations. One entire chapter is given over to Nostradamus' quatrains, in their interpretations of the present pass into which the world has landed.

"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

385 Pages \$5 Copy

HERE is a volume giving 378 pages of clairvoyant forecast of the wondrous Golden Times about to be enjoyed by humanity when these Piscean days have run. Not the wishful thinking too often offered in form of prophecy but an actual insight into the ennoblements coming upon society when Materialism has had its run and Man entertains more sagacious views of true cosmic principles applied to conditions of earth, particularly in education and economics.

REPRINTED in this book are the prophecies of the great seer, Nostradamus, that would seem to apply to today. Interpretations of them, sought of Higher Mentors, turn much needed light on the celebrated clairvoyant's meanings. It is a book that will give you a great moral uplift in the face of all the corruptions and skulduggeries going on between the nations at present. It is Soulcraft applied to the international circumstance . .



Soulcraft Chapels

Noblesville

Indiana



"WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!"

**Twenty Years' Experiences in
the Field of Psychical Phenom-
ena, with autobiographical nar-
rative of events forerunning
the dictating of Soulcraft . .**

What tangible proofs have we, that our blessed dead have survived? Is it actual and dependable that upon occasion they have found ways to communicate with the living? Are we justified in altering our religious views about the location of the Hereafter? . . In the 302 pages of this unbelievable and entrancing book you will find these questions answered. With the voices of the Departed actually impressed upon electronic-recorder tape, you begin to understand what revolutionary discoveries have been made about survival in recent years. Here is a book of True Ghost Stories that carry their own proofs. The Author has told of his psychical experiences in candid and dramatic form, fitting together the great mosaic of events that finally impelled him to share his tremendous findings with others under the aegis of Liberation-Soulcraft . .

Available in the Cloth Binding Only, \$3

Soulcraft Chapels

Noblesville, Indiana

The SOULSCRIPTS

What You Should Know about Them

THERE are, to date, nine volumes of them. In those nine volumes are 117 written treatments of the earth's greatest enigmas, expounded by Supernal Intellects who once lived in flesh themselves but have long since graduated into Higher Octaves of Time and Space.

THROUGH communication established by Extra-Sensory Perception, these Great Intellects have transferred back down upon the Plane of Mortality the fruits of their higher wisdom and observation. Proof that this is fact has been established by the circumstance that many of these loftier Counsellors have succeeded in mediumistic materialization, and confirmed with their audible voices what they previously had spoken clairaudiently.

MYSTICAL scholars of many cults have been confounded and perturbed to find information in the Soulscripts that has seemed to surpass anything previously communicated to earth-folk. You owe it to yourself to determine whether this is true.



*Send a Dollar with request that four be sent you as samples.
A 40-page brochure with them will list the remaining 113*